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SEPTEMBER 15, 1968

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VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

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PENN

COVER: One of the best-looking ideas in America right now—the weskit turnout. Here for little evenings, a throat-banded weskit of white Racine jersey with silver-thread embroidery laced with pink and yellow velvet ribbon; pink Bianchini crêpe shirt embroidered at the cuffs; black Racine jersey skirt. . . . Another great American idea going on everywhere: transparent lip colour—here, Ultima II CutCrystal Red, a new sheer, clear red shimmered for evening with Ultima II Lip Glosser Frost. Both by Revlon. Burke-Amey turnout, at Sara Fredericks; Montaldo's; Sakowitz. Suga of Kenneth coiffure.

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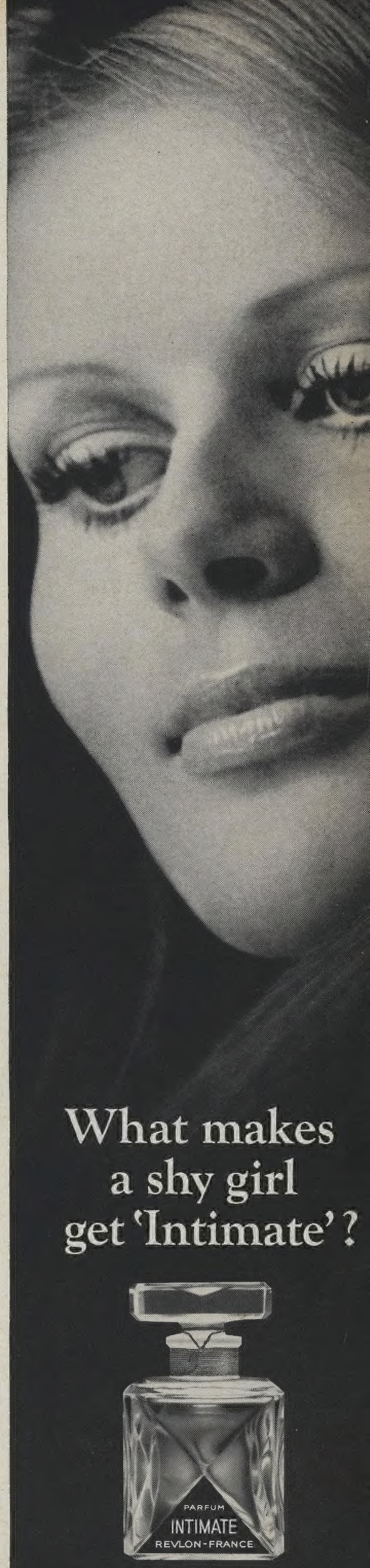
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The fall is another winner, especially if you're caught in sun or storm. When the gang decides that the Paradiso is the place to dance at high noon and you've been sunning, sweating and swimming, just pull this out from your beach bag and go.



The Shirley Curly wig is probably the biggest fashion to hit heads this year. It's washable. It can be done in a fluff of angel curls or brushed into smooth waves that permanently survive rain, sun, sleet, wind. *Really.*

One globetrotting female of our acquaintance says she flings her wig on a lamp at 2 AM and brushes it into shape the next morning a lot faster than she can brush herself. She rolls it up and tucks it into a shoe to arrive in *Portofino* or *Kabul* as chic as all getout.

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Robert Fréson



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Polaroid portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein Inc. 1968. Dress by Geoffrey Beene. © 1968 Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

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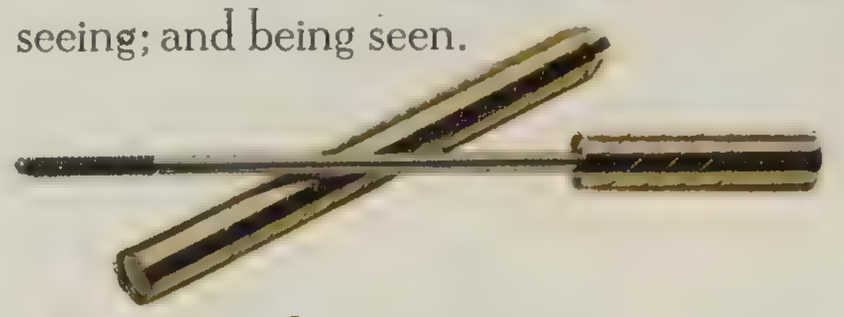
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Helena Rubinstein

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L'Interdit. Created by Givenchy for Audrey Hepburn.



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Among her devoted fans she counts 7 Princesses, 8 Countesses, 2 Marchionesses, 1 Maharani, scores of Roman socialites and practically the whole Roman film contingent. Her salon at 116 Via Veneto is where the Beautiful People go to *get* beautiful.

She invented the Doe-Eyed Look of a few years ago, the Pale Look that followed that, the sun-kissed Terra-Cotta Look that's all the rage right now.

She probably knows more about the delicate nuances of color and how to turn them into beautiful cosmetics than any other living woman.

She is Eve of Roma.

Today, Madame Eve is extending her empire to America. And this astonishingly honest woman admits that it is partly because she believes we *need* her.

"American women have beautiful skin," she will tell you. "But they cover it up with much too much makeup. And they slap so much cream on their faces that their pores cannot *breathe*.

"With makeup and skin preparations, the less you use the better you will look. You should always put on just the *tiniest* amount of the right thing."

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And now Eve of Roma products are here in America. (They are all, of course, *made* in Italy.) Only at the very best stores, such as Lord & Taylor, Rich's, and Marshall Field.

Left: Eve of Roma, in the Palazzo dei Conservatori.



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Never before such liberated elegance.
Whereby the sinuous shaping of Marc Bohan
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Better things for better living...through chemistry



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In splendid Bucol double-faced gabardine
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Softened but still structured in Nattier
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Innovating in the way it looks. And the
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Scarf never still. A beautiful fluidity of fabric.
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its luxe is absolute. But never to be touched by
the tedium of constant care.
Bonwit Teller.

Qiana*
AT ANDRÉ COURRÈGES

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Not a hard edge in sight.
A kind of delicate splendor that in truth isn't delicate at all.
Such accomplishment belongs to the Nattier
ribbed ottoman of Qiana* nylon—
Du Pont's new and most versatile of precious fibers.
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(Shown here on her own mannequin.)
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Giving black a fresh gleam and keeping pleats
sans upkeep as no other
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"ARROGANTLY GOOD" FOOD

A shrewd choice of recipes, and what goes with them—attitude

By George Bradshaw

Let me tell you about a new little restaurant in Westport, Connecticut, called Bon Appetit.

In the first place it is extremely difficult to find. You can drive right past without seeing it, for it occupies the back of its building. It is only open for lunch. Its menu is wildly limited —you can have an omelette or one other dish along with soup, a salad, and a dessert. Furthermore, you pretty much have to serve yourself.

Yet it has been, from the day it opened, a roaring success: It has never had a losing week. That is because the food is not only good, it is arrogantly good.

When the last lunch customer has left, the kitchens begin their real work, and are busy all afternoon and sometimes late into the night. For Bon Appetit is engaged in helping to fill that chasm caused by the Vanishing American, the cook in the kitchen: Bon Appetit makes a variety of elegant dishes for you to take home and serve yourself. It is a project that can only succeed.

Straws have been in the wind for some time. Consider TV Dinners. People made fun of them, but they ate them: Think how many millions of turkeys have ended their lives on a tin plate surrounded by suspiciously green peas. And the send-out restaurant services. It is becoming as easy to live in New York as it was in eighteenth-century London—where you could send out at any time of day or night for a joint or a bird.

And all because Mary has left the kitchen, and for good. Now she can work in an electronics plant, go home at five o'clock, be guaranteed medical insurance, enjoy herself on a picket line, and not, repeat *not,* wash somebody else's dirty dishes. . . . So, Bon Appetit.

Of course Bon Appetit is not an abstract idea: It is a woman, Ruth Norman. And don't think optimistically that you, too, might start this sort of operation. Miss Norman has been preparing for it for twenty years.

Ruth Norman was always a natural cook, as people are natural baseball players or natural composers. That is, deceptive. She makes cooking look easy. She will open an icebox door, look in with an expression of surprise—as if there were *nothing* to eat in that icebox—and in a few minutes have things simmering on the stove. She never worries, she gives things a little poke and lets them take care of themselves. Then she sits down and says, "Let's have a vodka." Of course it is real Russian vodka. Nothing seems to be timed, no bells go off in her kitchen. The time is there, in her head. She cooks in rather the way Laurette Taylor acted: With a few casual and unrelated gestures, she arranges a masterpiece.

But the natural has been turned into the professional. Some years ago Miss Norman became a friend of the great cook James Beard and eventually evolved into his manager and colleague. She teaches with him at his classes and flies all over the country to assist him at his demonstrations. She has become the mistress of the classic repertoires—French, Chinese, Italian, American.

These talents are reflected in the dishes you can carry away from Bon Appetit. Expect nothing like fried chicken or meat loaf—you will be able to choose between Beef Wellington, Boeuf en Brioche, Duck with Cherries, Boned Chicken Tarragon, plus such delights as Coulibiac and that most delicious of soups, Billi Bi, and for dessert a cold Grand Marnier Soufflé.

And everything is sent out with style. The bags and boxes and even napkins are especially made. Harvey Schmidt, a friend, designed Miss Norman's logo. (Mr. Schmidt, you perhaps know, writes, with his friend Tom Jones, such things as the musicals *I Do! I Do!* and *The Fantasticks.*)

If you are inclined, however, to stand over a hot stove instead of using the telephone—the number of Bon Appetit is (203) 226-0575—here are five of Miss Norman's recipes. First, a Moroccan lamb dish which I once ate during World War II at dinner with Lieutenant Josephine Baker of the Free French Air Force at the Mamounia Hotel, in Marrakesh in Morocco.

Lamb Marrakesh

3 pounds lean lamb
(leg or shoulder)
cut in 1½-inch cubes
½ cup peanut or olive oil
2 large onions, finely chopped
3 cloves garlic, chopped
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon crushed red chili pepper
½ teaspoon Spice Parisienne
1 teaspoon turmeric
3 large ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped
1 cup white raisins
(soaked in sherry)
For the garniture:
½ cup each toasted almonds and filberts
Crisp fried onion rings
Chopped parsley

Brown the lamb in oil and add onion and garlic to brown lightly. Add seasonings, tomatoes, and raisins and bring to a boil. Cover—adding a small amount of liquid if necessary—and simmer for 1½ hours, or place uncovered in a 350-degree oven and baste well from time to time or until lamb is tender. If you do the latter, you may have to add more liquid or cover the pan for half the time. Serve with rice; garnish with toasted nuts, onion rings, and parsley. Serves 6 or 8.

Carbonnades Flamande

2 pounds onions
Butter
3 pounds chuck steak
cut in cubes
Flour
Salt and pepper
2 cloves garlic
1 cup beer

Slice onions and sauté in butter. Cook them until soft and lightly browned. You will need about 5 tablespoons of butter for this or you can use beef fat. Meanwhile flour chuck steak and brown in about 3 tablespoons of fat very quickly. When it is nicely browned, combine with the onions in a Dutch oven or deep kettle, and add salt and pepper to taste, garlic, and beer. Cover and simmer for approximately 1¼ hours or until tender. Add a little flour and butter kneaded together and stir till sauce thickens slightly. Taste for seasoning and serve at once. Serves 6.

Braised Halibut or Swordfish with Mussels

2 to 2½ pounds halibut or swordfish in one piece
½ pound lean salt pork
¼ pound mushrooms
2 quarts mussels
1 clove garlic
½ cup cognac
⅓ cup white wine
Oil
Butter
Bouquet garni
Chopped parsley

Rub the fish with garlic and flour it lightly. Sear it in oil and butter in a cocotte. Add salt pork cut in small pieces and the mushrooms lightly sautéed in butter. Add a bouquet garni of thyme, a leek, bay leaf. Heat the cognac, pour over the fish and flame. Simmer for about 35 minutes. While the fish is simmering, steam the clean mussels in a little butter and white wine until they open. Add them to the cocotte for 2 to 3 minutes, and combine the sauce from the braising and the steamed mussel broth and thicken with a little *beurre manié.* Arrange fish in a serving dish, garnish with chopped parsley. Serve with crisp French bread. Serves 4.



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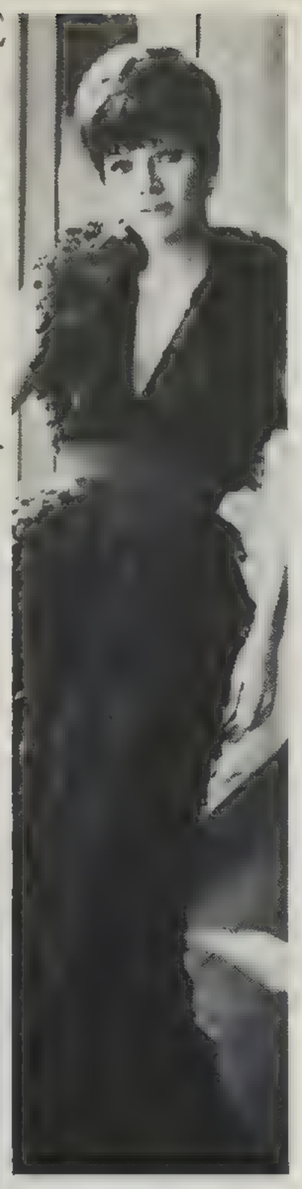
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Ring around perfumery

One ancient rule for artists is, "Keep your materials close at hand." That goes for every art, including the very special one of being female. Out to help that cause, to keep some of those materials literally on hand, are the John Robert Powers folks. They've performed a minor Renaissance in the art of scent by putting it in rings. Two big, dramatic rings that open to that many cream fragrances; Gambit, woodsy and quiet, and Ose, more dashing with its spiciness. Both fragrances, when smoothed over skin, come off delicately, lingeringly, as creams usually do. The be-jewelling facets of these Parfum Creme Rings are part of the art. Gambit languishes under mother-of-pearl pebbles while Ose sports a lapis blue lid, both astride an adjustable band. These fragrance gems for the woman who—forgive us—can name her poison.

No generation gap here

Getting talked about among very young circles these days and nights is a fragrance that's been around for more than three decades now. Not especially surprising since the scent *is* well-known. It's just that the connection with devil-may-care young swingers is new. The definitions have changed. It's a groove, it's a kick, it's turning everybody on. It's Tweed from Lenthéric. The reason seems to be this. The fragrance itself is a fresh, sparkling, moss-in-the-woods kind of thing. And it isn't a hint. It's a statement. Another new term evolved about the wearing of the scent, Tweed-on-Tweed. Meaning any combination of the Tweed availabilities: Light & Lavish (an airy one to get splashed all over the place), the more-determined cologne, the straight no-bones-about-it perfume. It's a whole new scene with this one.

A scentsible reminder

Fond moments are often remembered through the senses, not the mind. Things seen, touched, heard click the memory bank. Or a fragrance sniffed recalls the moods it cast when last worn. That kind of fragrance is usually a great one—timeless, classic, hinting of luxuries like lavender, jasmine, mimosa. And that is an apt description of Jean Patou's Moment Suprême. (Yes, the same masterful hand that created Joy.) This prized perfume, the one so many women link with special enchantment, outlines its now-ness with a new design, bottles shaped into slim curves of polished glass. Eau de Toilette becomes a new companion to the perfume, this lighter side in a spray too. What lovely scent mementoes to keep the moments fresh.

(More Ready Beauty, page 42)

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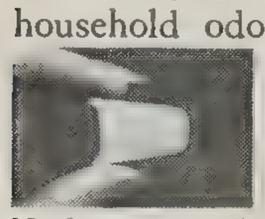
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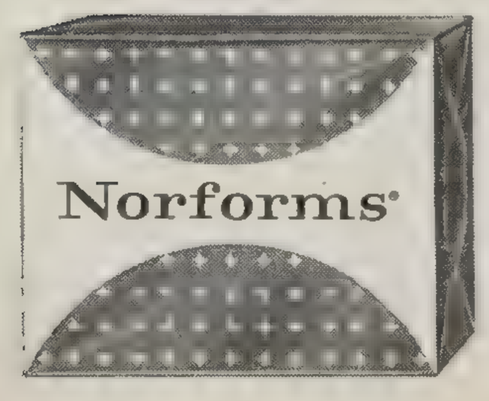
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

When everywhere makes good scents

Every once in a while a new scent steals the scene. Always interesting. But when a delicious, effective way of applying real perfume (new too) comes along, well then, that's something else. The Andrée Biallôt people are the French newsmakers here; Fanfaron, brave and haughty, Sue Sue, fresh and green, the scents; and Partout is the name of the package that delivers them smoothly to your skin. Here's how. What resides in a very attractive container as highly concentrated perfume oils (no alcohol involved) silks out like a luscious meringue. This smooths over skin to slither those oils into every pore. As the skin breathes, it releases the fragrance like a flower—enduringly. Re-cap: Partout is foam that is silky, spreadable honest-to-goodness perfume to cover you everywhere—which is why, of course, they quite reasonably named it Partout. (Both fragrances available not only in Partout, but in spray too.)

There's a special kind of woman

. . . who would go more than a mile to replenish a certain supply—she'd cross the Atlantic. One such traveller ended a recent conversation, "and thank heaven I don't have to go to Paris any more to get it." This beautiful creature is known to be up on everything, has decidedly extravagant taste . . . no longer has decidedly extravagant travel expenses. Because her very very French perfume, Bal à Versailles from Jean Desprez, has been around the U.S.A. for a few years now. Her reasons for travel get further diminished since M. Desprez sends over three new luxuries that carry the rich Bal à Versailles banner: a rich, creamy soap; a Parfum de Toilette Spray that ends up all powdery, clingy, provocative on wearer; an elegant little purse atomizer to accommodate aforementioned Bal à Versailles connoisseur at all times. And it *is* considerably less than plane fare.

Physic for sea fever

If you languish for the tang of Mediterranean zephyrs, the sun, the sparkling sea, and Sardinian coasts, it's a sure sign of *passione del mare.* (Modern-Latin for sea fever.) The antidote? Scent fervour, with Emilio Pucci's prescription—Vivara—new in an aerosol spray mist. We suffer seasonally from the same *malattia* and, for treatment, use this long, cool blue-green bottle with feverish abandon. Press, and let it permeate coiffure and clothing, too, where it lingers nostalgically for lasting therapy, a scent-physician indeed to the seaside-manner born. (More Ready Beauty on page 177.)


What to do about the grey

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Looked around lately?

Some of the youngest women we know are grandmothers.

What makes them so attractive is their sureness.

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

September 15

Paragon Traveller checks Czech beauty ways

Our beautiful blond Paragon Traveller, wife and paragon travelling companion to a man-about-the-world, has reported in on her Czechoslovakian beauty capers. . . . "Prague is magnificent, a Mediterranean city of the North, all Renaissance and Baroque, its seven hills mapped with narrow lanes and long-reaching stairways—all cobbled. Unlike the Mediterranean, however, it rains, and a violet mist is apt to hang over the river, giving the city that same lavender glow as Paris. It is a city you want to, *have* to, walk in. Which I did, endlessly, delightedly, in the rain. Hair is the first casualty. And Prague is so elegant a city that one wants to look the same. . . . There was no hairdresser at the sleek, new Park Hotel, but I was directed to a ravishing mint-green house in the old town near the Charles Bridge. Although the place inside hardly matched the minty freshness of the outside, Madame la Coiffeuse was charming and terrifically energetic, pouring hot water from a tin pitcher over my hair streaming onto a tin tray. One black comb standing in a rusted pineapple juice tin served all, and the rollers were a motley collection. Under the dryer—dryers everywhere seem to be more silent and quicker than here—I riffled through some Czech and Soviet and West German magazines, and the comb-out proved surprisingly successful. The other clients ranged from a smart brunette to a woman in overalls. I communicated in a mix of faulty German and fluent French, and emerged quite happy, if somewhat baffled to think there were not more modern salons in town. At the American Embassy, however, I ran into the wife of the Ambassador, Mrs. Jacob Beam, a very attractive woman, beautifully turned out. 'Where do you have your hair done?' I asked at once. 'Karel Hess,' she replied. 'He is marvellous, very chic. He just opened his new place after studying in Paris, and he speaks English, French, German. . . .' I didn't stay long enough to try Karel, but anyone going to Prague will be happy to know he is there."

...and roams a Romanian beauty salon

The Paragon Traveller's beauty dispatch from Romania was enthusiastic. "Bucharest is a lovely city, and the Hotel Athénée Palace has, next door, a large, happy and extremely active two-storey hairdressing salon: downstairs for men; upstairs for women. It is open from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M., the hairdressers working in two shifts, a fleet of brawny, professional women who take you in hand like a mussed doll and remake you head to toe. Mlle. Fifi engulfed me. A tall, curly-haired blonde, she spoke a smattering of French, and found it an adventure to expend her rugged expertise on an American head. She was wonderful, and after a thousand-mile tour of Romania sans wig wash, I sank into her embrace. The shampoo was long and thorough. I often feel that the only place where soap is completely rinsed out is the U.S.A.—but in Bucharest, it was. Then Mlle. Fifi, giggling and gesticulating, suggested a head massage. '*Da, Da,*' I nodded, '*Foarte bine,*' using almost my entire Romanian vocabulary all at once. . . . Mlle. Fifi poured a generous ration of conditioning lotion on my hair and began the most relaxing and delicious head massage, kneading the nape of my neck, fingering my temples, swivelling my neck until it nearly unscrewed. For the hairdressing, an assistant passed the rollers, big and bright and new. For the manicure, a terrifyingly strong lady pulled up a table and began shoving and clipping my cuticles. Being unreasonably tender-fingered, I pulled my hands away, and she put some red liquid on the raw cuticles. '*Desinfectat,*' she assured me as the red stain banded the pale polish. . . . Then the pedicure: Feet dangling in a sunken foot bath, the water hot and softened; the pedicure, medical and efficient and pretty and terribly welcome after all the touring. I left feeling fresh and redone with everyone laughing and wishing me a happy journey. For the morning's workover, the bill came to roughly $2. . . . *La revedere, Mlle. Fifi, la revedere, Bucureşti. . . .*"



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Prism Sculpture by Charles Ross, Dwan Gallery, New York.

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Prism Sculpture by Charles Ross, Dwan Gallery, New York.

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First Algene spreads a smooth coating over your skin. You can actually feel instant silkiness. Because this protection clings, it helps keep your skin's natural moisture from evaporating.

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VOGUE'S

New in Los Angeles—
Club John, a disco with flash

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"Like dancing on silver," said one guest of the stainless-steel dancing ground at the new Los Angeles discothèque, Club John. For the opening, John J. Pike, junior, celebrated with a hundred friends, switching his club—named for him without the junior—into a smashing private party in honour of Baroness Phyllis de Clara.

After drinks in the bar, guarded by a pair of blue porcelain deer and spread with an Oashak carpet, guests ranged around faux-léopard banquettes in the disco for dinner. Everything spun: the rock pouring off burnt-orange walls, the crystal

NOTEBOOK



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chandeliers caging mirrored balls. Swapping the look of a blackened cave for that of a glinty boîte, Tony Duquette designed Club John to blaze . . . with mirrors, with paintings, with an enormous seventeenth-century Gobelin tapestry framed in light and faux-léopard. 1. Club John, a glaze of mirrors, crystal, and a Gobelin tapestry. 2. Miss Lee Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Miller. 3. Baroness Phyllis de Clara; Mr. John J. Pike, junior, and Mrs. Vincente Minnelli. 4. Mrs. Everts Moulton, junior. 5. Mrs. Kurt Frings. 6. Mrs. Robert Stack; Miss Nancy Stolkin; Mr. Robert Rapp; Mrs. Ralph Stolkin, and Mr. Edward Pauley, junior. 7. Signor Fabrizio Mioni and Miss Nancy Kovacs. 8. Mr. Del Coleman and Miss Whitney Chase. 9. Mrs. Kersten Rand and Mr. John Hessell.



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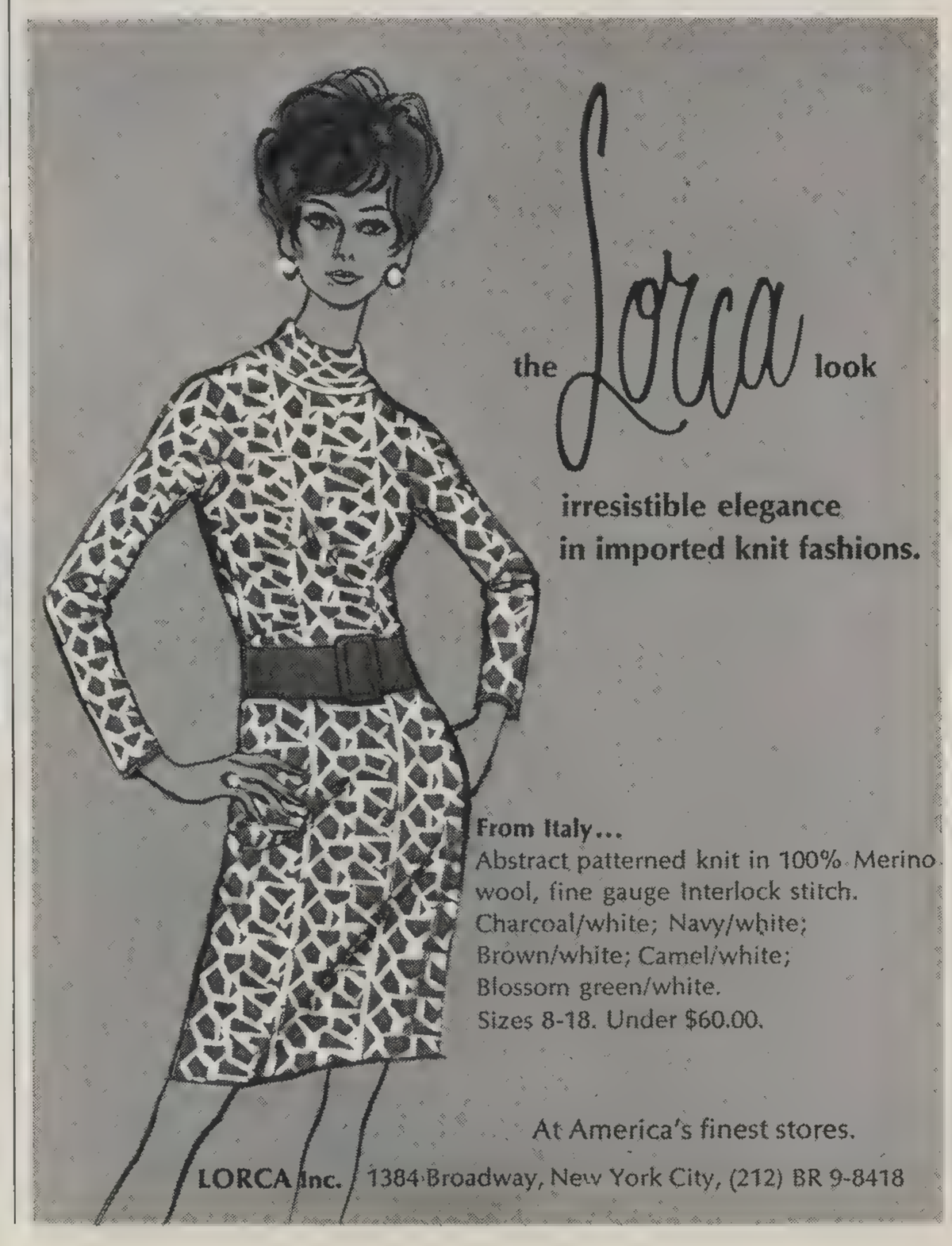




9

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MU5-9570. The price: about $55.

The look: very Aquascutum
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VOGUE'S

All flags flying for a wedding in Spain

1



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3



A banner day. And family banners, red, blue, gold, blared on the balconies of the inner courtyard of El Quexigal, built in the sixteenth century for King Philip II of Spain, and now the family property of the Marqués and Marquesa de Soto-Aller y de Belvis. Here they gave the wedding reception for their daughter, Anna Isabel Gamazo y Hohenlohe, and Don Juan Abelló y Gallo. Here the bridal party and guests came, along a red carpet, from the chapel to toast the couple, the bride in an eighteenth-century jewelled crown and a dress designed with masterful simplicity by Castillo.

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NOTEBOOK



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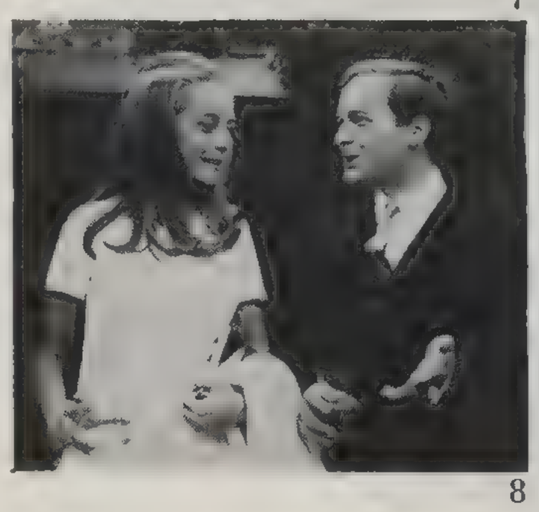
Later: a blow-out buffet dinner with whole veals and suckling pigs for eight hundred guests. Later still: In a large, stripped room, dancing with no ancestral overtones—all noise, all fun, all shook up, and almost all night. 1. The couple, with their young attendants, leaving the chapel. 2. The bride and groom. 3. Don Luis Soto Domecq; Vizconde de Miravalles; Princess Alexander Hohenlohe. 4. Princess Piedad Hohenlohe, grandmother of the bride; Señorita Xandra Gamazo y Hohenlohe, sister of the bride; Marqués and Marquesa de Soto-Aller y de Belvis. 5. The bride and her father on their way to the chapel. 6. Señorita Isabel Maier, Señor Luis Miguel Dominguin, Señorita Cuca Beamon, Señorita Rosarito Gimenez. 7. Señorita Marita March, Señor Alfonso Fierro. 8. Señorita Conchita Gamero, Señor Santiago Saavedra. 9. The Maharani of Jaipur, Jonkheer van Zeulen, the Maharajah of Jaipur.



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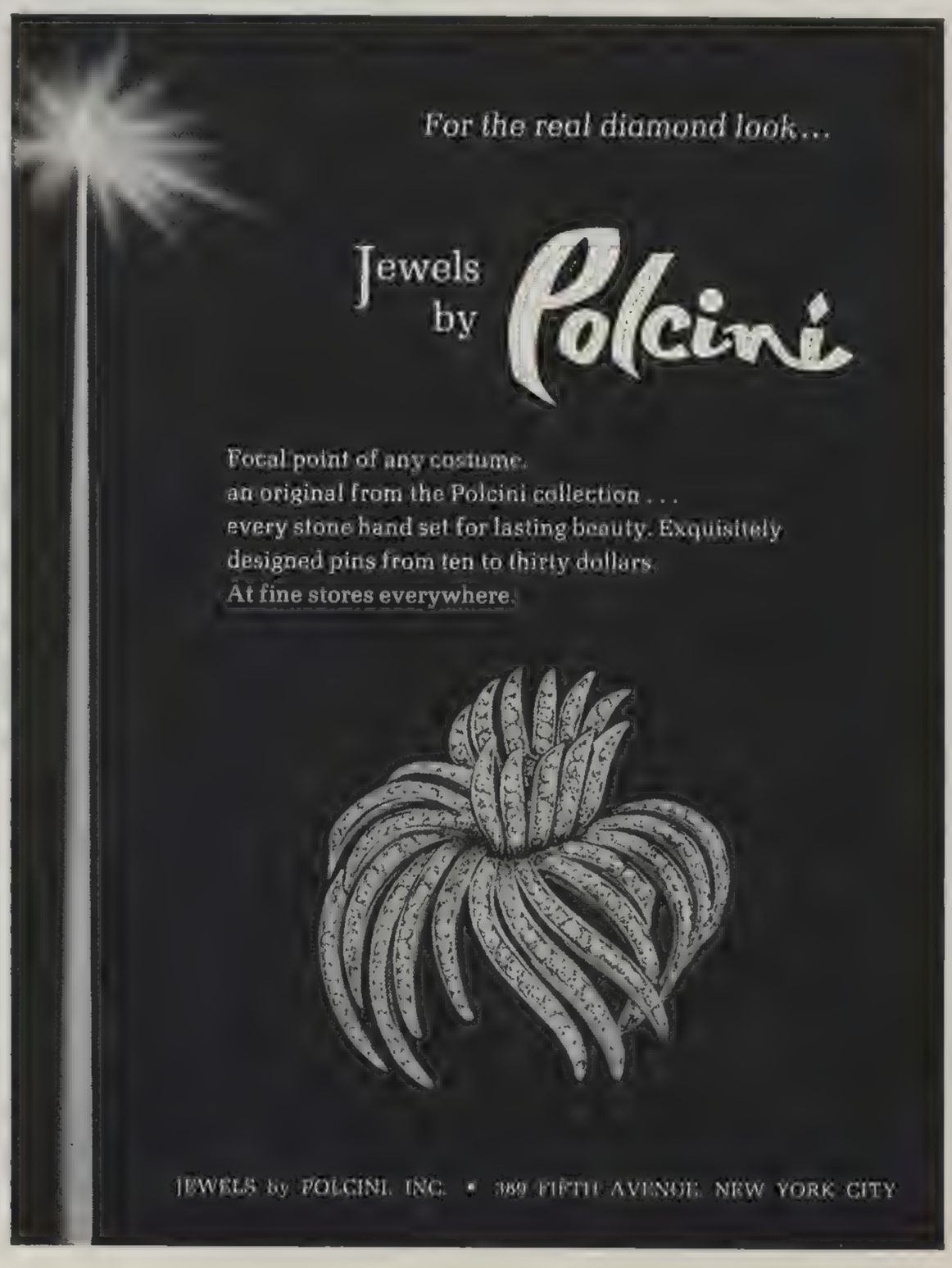


Elegantly shaped and seamed, this Patina wool makes its fashion point in the new importance of charcoal gray accented with beige.
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No C.O.D.'s

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In The Trevira Era you can look the way you've never looked before.

Because of all the extraordinary new fabrics of Trevira.

Trevira has changed the whole concept of what fabrics should be. And even what they should look like.

Because Trevira® polyester has given new versatility to the people who make fabrics. Allowing them to innovate. Offering them freedom to express almost any design idea.

Now with Trevira, color and originality and luxury of texture don't have to be sacrificed to performance.

In fact, Trevira enriches anything it's blended with.

Which means Trevira inspires great new ventures in fashion. See some of them now in fabrics by French River Mills, shown on the next few pages and at these great fashion stores. Burdine's, Miami; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Goldwaters, Phoenix; Halle Bros., Cleveland; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; Neusteters, Denver; Nordstrom Best, Portland and Seattle; Rich's, Atlanta; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Sakowitz, Houston; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Swanson's, Kansas City, Mo.; Thalhimers, Richmond; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; and in New York City, you will find these clothes of Trevira at the stores and specialty shops where you always find the newest and best of fashion.

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The fragrance destined to be shared.



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The Trevira Era wittily demonstrated by Barberini in fabric of Trevira by French River Mills

The new plaid.

Sassier. Younger. Brighter now.

Because an extraordinary fiber named Trevira has given plaids a whole new personality. They flash: with greater color clarity. They move: with a frivolous buoyancy. But they behave in a trouble-free manner.

In all, what's happened is this: the beautiful balance of esthetics and performance has come to plaid. As it comes to all fabrics of The Trevira Era.

Illustration: the brilliance of this French River Mills plaid of 55% Trevira® polyester, 45% wool.

Barberini adds to it their own this-minute fashion thinking: leanness, a belt, a fringed stole. About $190.

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We invented a beautiful little stocking for beautiful, young aching legs.

"The Little Something" is a stocking for legs that don't have anything wrong with them. It's just the life they lead.

They belong to all the busy young females who put the latest thing on their backs and go out and spend the day on their feet.

All of them would rather ache than wear support stockings. In fact, they do.

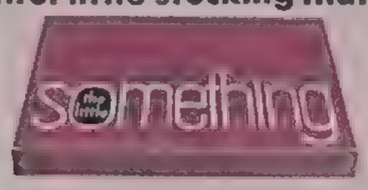
Burlington scientists have found what they really need is a stocking with just a little something. And by blending a new featherweight spandex with nylon in a new way, they've come up with The Little Something.

The Little Something is strong enough to hold the leg as firmly as it should be held all day long. And it's beautiful enough to go on to a party in the evening.

It has a naked heel, a demi-toe, a fluted top with a pretty scalloped edge. It comes in 18 colors. And it costs $5.95, which you may feel is expensive until you get it on.

Burlington

The Little Something.
The beautiful little stocking that supports.



The Trevira Era dashingly expressed by Bardley in fabric of Trevira by French River Mills

The swagger coat. Taking its bravado and utter aplomb from the fabric it's made of.

For now an extraordinary combination of 55% Trevira® polyester, 45% wool brings forth a French River Mills plaid of bold assurance. Unique in its unflappable ability to hold its line, keep its look, maintain its soft, rich feel.

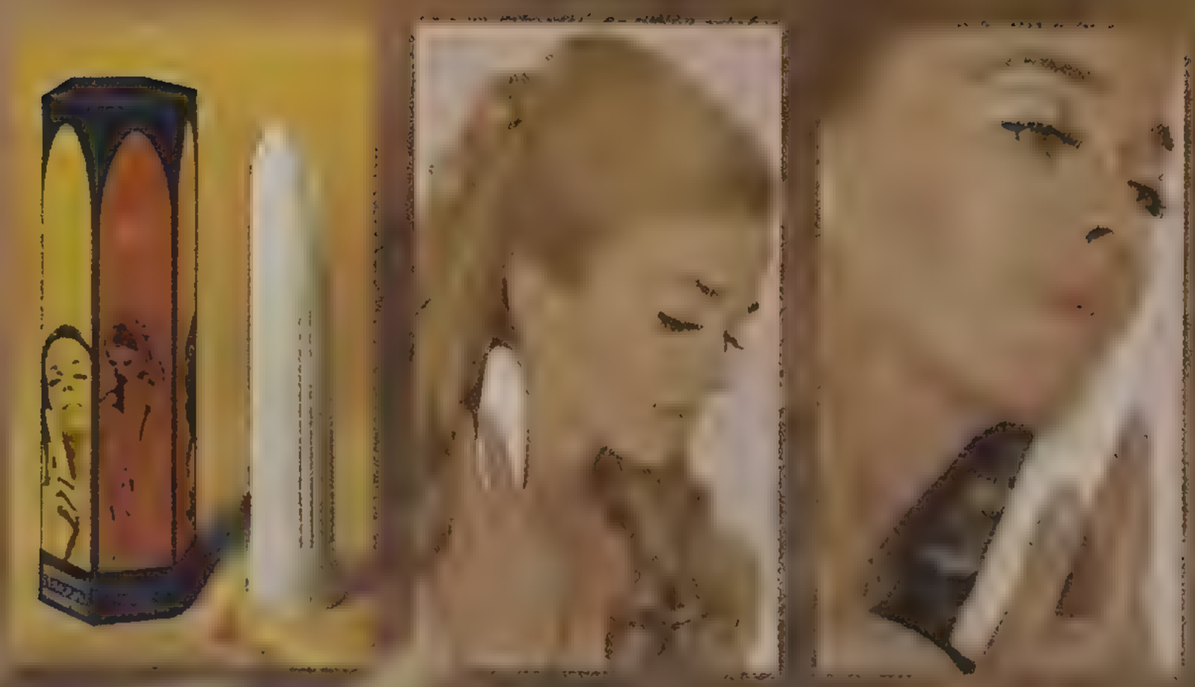
Bardley* turns all these material advantages into memorable fashion. A double-breasted coat. Mandarin-collared beneath its own neck-hugging stole. Orange and grey-brown only. About $150.

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STIMULáNT'S vibrations soothe neck, shoulder muscles, arms, legs and tired feet. Washable, the STIMULáNT Personal Vibrator, used with your favorite creams and lotions, helps stimulate skin to new radiance. Just twist the base and it hums on with a steady flow of revitalizing vibrations. The STIMULáNT Personal Vibrator, in Ivory color, elegantly gift boxed—only $5.00.

STIMULáNT

The men's model in a rich swirled Walnut color...for after-exercising...for after-shave treatments...for a more alert and vigorous him.

STIMULáNT Products Inc., Culver City, Calif.

The Trevira Era embodied by Adolph Blank in fabric of Trevira by French River Mills

This is the year when the coats that go out stay close. Close to the body.

For this is the year that Trevira changes the whole look and shape of winter. Letting fabrics be warm without being weighty. Filling them with unrivalled depths of color. As in French River Mills' superb bengaline of 55% Trevira® polyester, 45% wool.

Adolph Blank applies his tailoring expertise to it, for a double-breasted belted coat in the shape of things to come. Red, grey, brown, black. About $160.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY ANTHONY WEST

A Moon for the Misbegotten, "*and yet . . .*"

There is something about the work of Eugene O'Neill that always brings to mind the old definition of "rude plenty" as "plenty that gives rise to rude remarks." The talent behind *A Moon for the Misbegotten* is real enough, the play itself is stiff with theatrical virtues, and the superb production that it has been given by the Mann-Libin-Walker team at the Circle in the Square does manage to make it look awfully like an authentic classic of the American theatre—and yet, and yet. . . .

The trouble is, in part, that the bad fairy that came last of all to O'Neill's cradleside to nullify the gifts bestowed upon him by all the others knew exactly what she was about when she picked a humourless innocence as her contribution. This is not to say that O'Neill couldn't be funny when he wanted to, but it is to insist that his ideas about the nature of the inner life of his characters were astoundingly naïve, and that his efforts to contrive hammer-blow-of-fate-type disasters for his characters would lead him into the realms of Rabelaisian farce just about as often as not.

This is unhappily the case with the present play. O'Neill is insistent that what is going on has the weight and tension of Greek tragedy, and the people at the Circle in the Square are rightly loyal to him in treating him with the total seriousness he demands. But the crux or hinge of the whole thing, the event that is to establish the play's hero as a tragic and doomed figure, is one that can only anchor him in our minds as a grotesque or a caricature. This dire off-stage happening is a four-day transcontinental train trip made by James Tyrone, junior, after his mother's death. He was bringing her body home to Connecticut, and while she lay there stiff and stark in her long box in the baggage car, he was taking in a tankful of guilt by entertaining himself with a prostitute in his drawing room back along the train.

It took great naïveté and great unawareness of the drift of things to write Tyrone, junior's, confession to this piece of compulsive self-abasement in terms of a confession to unforgivable sin twenty full years after Joyce had written his account of Bloomsday and while Yossarian was, literally, in the air. But O'Neill had what it took, and to spare. So that as one watches Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon doing marvellous things in the way of convincing their audiences and themselves that the characters are real people, really involved with each other, one is slowly overwhelmed by a feeling that one of the three, it wouldn't matter which, should be Zero Mostel or Milo O'Shea, arching eyebrows to question the basis of the whole thing. It doesn't seem possible that O'Neill, being more or less a contemporary, could have held such a dazzlingly and utterly non-contemporary view of the proceedings.

And, alas, it isn't only the sense that O'Neill was behind his own time that is troublesome; there is, too, that lack of measure. The huge theatrical engine he wheels up is dealing with the refusal of two young persons to respond to the world or to each other on the adult level. When all has been said and done it just doesn't seem that important that Josie Hogan should have arranged to spend the rest of her life playing with her father the game that Dr. Berne (of *Games People Play*) calls Uproar, or that young Tyrone should have wriggled out of having his manhood tested yet again. O'Neill may have wanted to give us another Hamlet, but what we get is a lush Peter Pan.

The Trevira Era epitomized by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat in fabric of Trevira by French River Mills

It takes a deft fashion hand to translate the man-tailored look in feminine terms.

Victor Joris has brought it off.

By choosing a fabric with the assurance — the arrogance — to make this look look right: a French River Mills worsted diagonal of 55% Trevira® polyester, 45% wool.

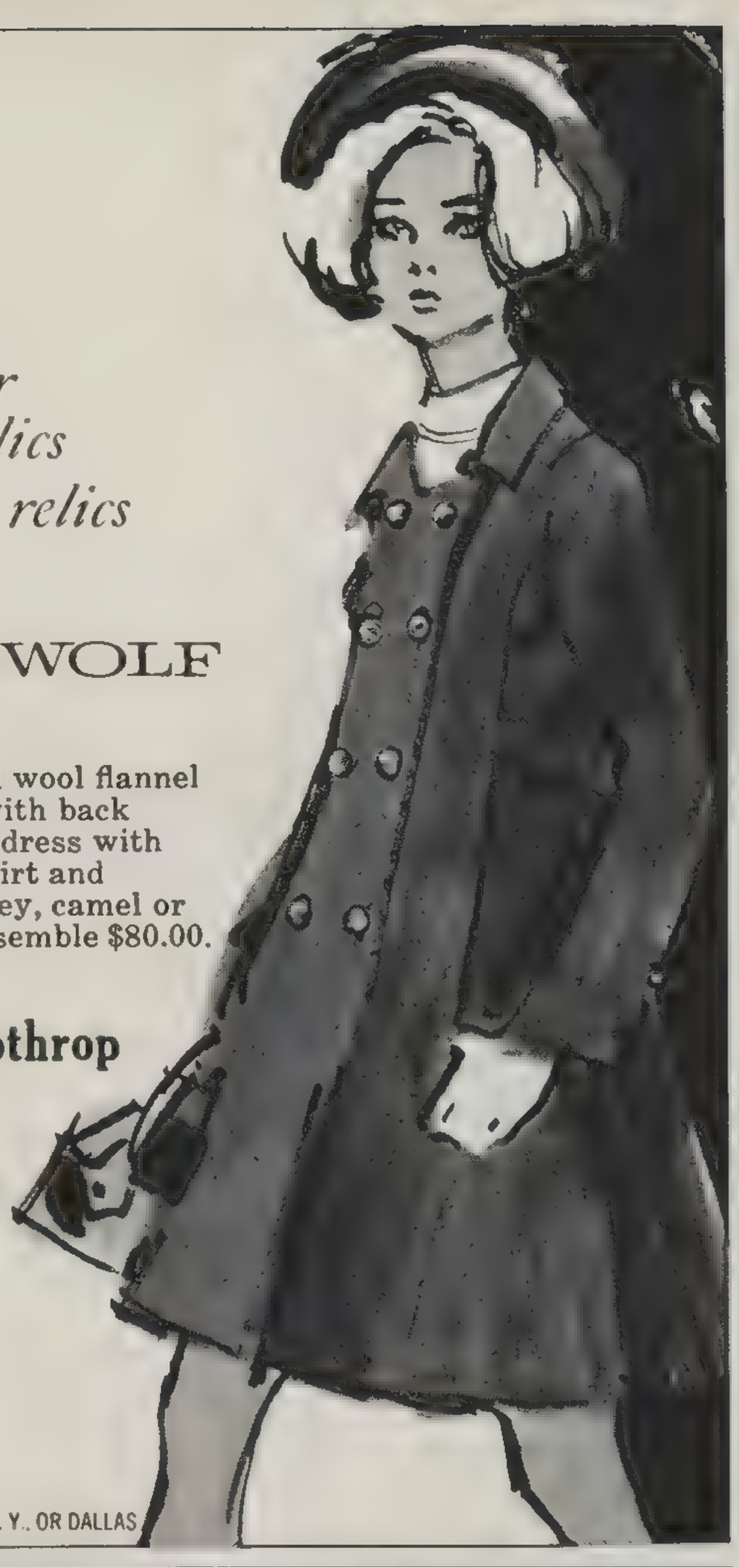
This is a fabric that expresses the beautiful balance of esthetics and performance by being forceful and dynamic, yet tender to the touch. Capable of leading the demanding life and coming through unrumpled. As only fabrics of The Trevira Era can.

Canny, then, of Victor Joris to choose it for his Midi coat, with wide-legged pants. In taupe only. About $160.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY FREDERIC TUTEN

Capricious Summer, "*middle-aged puppy love*"

Capricious Summer, the new Czechoslovakian film opening the 1968 New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center, is a sweet rural pastel of middle-aged puppy love that will neither offend nor impress anyone—its virtue is its modesty. Filmed from a novel, it seems like a verbatim translation, the story of three middle-aged men—genial loafers—who become infatuated with the attractive young assistant of an itinerant magician and ropewalker. That the gentlemen should find the girl attractive is credible; that they should be disappointed when she and her ropewalker leave the village in their caravan is credible, too. What is surprising is that so young a director as Jiri Menzel should give his energy to a film with such fleeting and antique charm. Perhaps the festival people did well to open with Menzel's light overture: It is difficult to imagine what they could have chosen to follow had they opened with the explosions of Norman Mailer and Jean-Luc Godard scheduled later in the program.

Beyond the Law, "*Dostoyevskian Mad magazine*"

In the old Broadway play *Detective Story,* we have a prototype of Norman Mailer's second film, *Beyond the Law,* a serio-spoof told in the manner of *cinéma vérité.* The play must have: a tough Irish Lieutenant, honest and sentimental, married to a freckled wife who is tired of being married to a man who is married to his job. The scene: a police station at night, with the line-up and the interrogation of criminal suspects accused of crimes ranging from wife murder to loitering. The police: except for a few rotten eggs, all good men trying to do a difficult job honourably.

Mailer's *Beyond the Law* keeps within the structure of the prototype but subverts it by alternately playing the convention and the corn straight and by mocking it with all the realism of honest dialogue and situation that the original simply could not sustain. A mixture of terror and comedy of the damned, *Beyond the Law* is a kind of Dostoyevskian *Mad* magazine. Mailer gives us the sad mess of a world in which the police are more ominous than the suspected criminals. Two of the detectives, not the worst of the stationhouse, are vulgar, violent, brutal, with the sexual maturity of the original Amboy Dukes.

Norman Mailer not only directed the film but plays the Irish Lieutenant who, in his interpretation, is a complex and suggestive character. Clownish, sentimental, vicious, Mailer badgers his suspects with speculations on good and evil or attempts to debase them with such petty indignities as sprinkling them with hot coffee. Mailer gives his Lieutenant a peculiar writhing intensity, a slightly comic and psychotic touch by speaking in a blur of Midwestern standard and New York speech then shifting into a Southern accent while interrogating a Negro suspect and, finally, while drinking off duty, thickening into an Irish brogue that eventually jells into unintelligible leprechaunese.

In a film where the acting, mostly by amateurs, was uniformly good—with the sore exception of George Plimpton self-consciously playing a caricature mayor—the show belongs to Mailer.

(Continued on page 74)

The Trevira Era boldly interpreted by Sony Schotland for Golèt in fabric of Trevira by French River Mills

The suit with a lot of jacket.
And a lot going for it every inch of the way.
For it's made of a basketweave of
The Trevira Era.
A basketweave with depth and luxury.
And the stamina a suit like this requires
to go on and on looking marvelous.
Trevira brings the beautiful balance of
esthetics and performance to this jagged-
striped weave by French River Mills.
It's 55% Trevira® polyester, 45% wool.
Sony Schotland takes it and shapes a long-
jacketed suit for Golèt. Buttoned and
buckled in gunmetal. In grey and white
as well as blue and green. About $160.

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 (Continued from page 72)

Weekend, "*black pastoral*"

Jean-Luc Godard's newest film, *Weekend*, is no less an essay in ideas than his last films, *Made in U.S.A.* and *La Chinoise*, but the visual impact of the film is so acute that it takes us primarily on a visceral, emotional level. Perhaps in no other of his films has the visual strategy been as direct and primary, the imagery as powerful or more directly fused with the intellectual complex of the film.

The unifying image of Godard's black pastoral is a highway strewn with smashed and fire-gutted cars and mangled corpses. Against a calm French landscape that often looks like a Sisley painting—in the film nature is the only reference point of sanity and peace—Godard assaults us with images of our own violence.

Weekend is Godard's allegory of the collapse of Western civilization—represented here by He and She, a young, ordinary, sex-and-car-loving middle-class couple out for a weekend drive in the country—and of this civilization's return to barbarism suggested by a cannibalistic band of forest-dwelling hippies, a crossbreed of the Hell's Angels and the Beatles of Sergeant Pepper vintage.

The film opens with She confessing to her husband the intimate details of her participation in an orgy, a monologue related to the theme of the breakdown of society and to later scenes of the communal life of the hippies. Then, on the highway, the couple gets caught in a traffic jam. The camera dollies along the road seemingly forever, while the couple impatiently weaves among trucks and cars and bored passengers. What begins as a scene of mere frustration slowly develops into a horror of auto wrecks.

The couple undergoes a similar deterioration: At first just bored, irritated, they later smash up their convertible, unsuccessfully attempt to take someone else's car, and finally, in mounting rage and frustration, set fire to a young girl (her name is Emily Brontë) who, absorbed in reading nonsense propositions in logic, had refused to give them directions. At this point Godard's allegory is explicit: The bourgeoisie destroys everything, its artists, itself.

Godard's moral position toward the motorized weekenders is clear, but what he feels toward the hippie outlaws is an ambivalence of admiration and fear. It is an ambivalence that reaches as far back as his first film, *Breathless*, crops up again in *La Chinoise*, and reemerges in *Weekend*, where he seems to be less sympathetic to the revolutionary young than ever before. In *Breathless*, Godard admired Belmondo's virility, his anti-middle-class stance, but Belmondo was portrayed as a lumpen revolutionary, an existentialist thug who wastes his youth and life. And though the young Maoists in *La Chinoise* had the strength and passion that older revolutionaries had lost, they were afflicted by a terrible historical and cultural myopia that made them a potential French Red Guard that might pull down the Louvre along with the Bourse.

In *Weekend*, Godard recoils at the latest segment of the "revolutionary" youth, the tribal hippie, whose social hostility is here carried to the logical extreme of fantasy. Though they do not waste human life—slaughtering only for food—the hippies literally and metaphorically devour the middle class. In Godard's paradigm of the social fall, the hippie must either be the saviour of society or a terrible nemesis.

The irony, of course, is that Godard's hippies are not revolutionaries, they are throwbacks to barbarism. By flashing phrases and key dates of the French Revolution in juxtaposition with scenes of life in the hippie camp Godard reminds us that we are witnessing the parody of the hopes of the Age of Reason.



The Trevira Era translated for day by Grioni in fabric of Trevira by French River Mills

The paradox suit. Thick. But light, lean. Strong and firm. But shaped to you. What else but a fabric so versatile it could spoil you by giving you everything: a monotone tweed of The Trevira Era. Done with random strands of texture. A pebbly kind of softness. A look all its own. And a way of behaving that simply can't be faulted.

Attributes like these are standard now, in The Trevira Era. When Trevira brings the beautiful balance of esthetics and performance to fabrics.

Grioni's* long-tabbed suit in French River Mills' tweed of 55% Trevira® polyester, 45% wool, about $100. In taupe, teal and gold.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Education

BY DONALD BARR

Sex: A Serpent in Eden?

Customs and institutions usually outlive their purposes and exist for generations, little changed, while they acquire new reasons for existing. American schoolrooms, for example, began with simple purposes: In them children were prepared to live in organized society as it was. Schools did *not* prepare children to build a better society to live in. They did *not* prepare them to live with themselves, or with their spouses. Schoolrooms were working models of the order, objectivity, and respect for authority that were taught in them. Format and content matched.

Four generations later, schoolrooms look a little different—blackboards are green and fewer, furniture blond and moveable—but in operating essentials they are the same. In them teachers are called on, however, to deal with a welter of economic, racial, and psychiatric problems. The baffling mismatch of format and content is perfectly illustrated by the new demand that the schools give instruction in sex.

It is a legitimate demand. A child's sources of instruction are the home, the church, the media, the gutter, and the school. Freud showed how perilous it is for parents to teach their children about sex: The child who has ambiguous feelings for his parents may find the topic charged with an unbearable immediacy and later may find the image of his mother or father clinging intrusively to the information when he begins to act on it. Clergymen have largely ceased to influence behaviour and have largely ceased to try. The mass media can hardly help vulgarizing a subject as personal as sex. That leaves the gutter and the school.

Schools have, on the whole, made faltering progress in dealing with sex. Their first efforts were almost all misdirected towards informing children about the mechanics of it, chiefly about embryology. Sixth graders were told how to become fathers or mothers, but not what it means to be men or women. Eventually, such groups as SIECUS (the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, founded in 1964) began to coach educators away from this waxen, this literally dispassionate, notion of sex. What children must learn about is, in fact, the passion; because they must cope with incipient passions, with bewildering impulses that defy the constraints and the reasonablenesses that they have been trained to think are part of maturity. These groups have actually gone further. Dr. Mary Calderone, director of SIECUS, told a 1966 conference of private-school folk (it was easy enough to say it to *them*) that one can not teach sex and sexuality—or anything else—without teaching morality. The flaccid pieties of hygiene are not enough.

But even these brave and seemingly sophisticated people have a certain old-fashioned blandness of thought. For them, ignorance is the enemy. There is no *positive* enemy in us; no serpent in Eden; no vicious appetitive Id; nothing that exploits inadvertent authorizations; nothing that slithers under or around all but the most sweeping and categorical dogmas. Knowledge will suffice, they think. If God had only bothered to *explain!*

But *if* they are wrong—if some deeper and less arguable sanctions must accompany instruction in sex, sexuality, and sexual morality—then the conventional American schools will confront a good test of their appropriateness to the present work of American education.

The Trevira Era imaginatively captured by Lilli Ann in fabrics of Trevira by French River Mills

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Money

BY HENRY C. WALLICH

Poverty, "impossible or just deprived?"

How would you like to run a household of four on $3,335? Impossible? Or just seriously depriving? On the answer, given by us as a nation, depends whether we can eliminate poverty or not.

The Government has defined $3,335 as the poverty line for a family of four. To the vast majority of people outside the United States that sum implies untold wealth. The standard of living it makes possible—half of the American poor have a car—is far beyond their dreams. Even in Europe, something like one half of the population falls below the American poverty line. Our own grandparents, by today's standards, were for the most part poor. What then is the meaning of a $3,335 poverty line?

The meaning becomes clear when we remember that, in that past, poverty has generally been measured by how far it was above the starvation level. The America of the 1960's has begun to measure poverty by its distance from the average family's income. The old kind of poverty line is unchanging. The new line will always be shifting upward, as the average family's income rises. Contrary to prevailing gospel, under the new definition, or dispensation, the poor will always be with us.

This gives us the key to the opening question: Is life below the poverty line "impossible" or just seriously "deprived"? If you answer that it is seriously deprived but quite possible, you are leaning toward the old view of poverty. If your answer is "impossible" you are leaning toward the new.

The median American income, in dollars of constant purchasing power, will probably double over the next thirty years or so. A more generous and enlightened generation presumably will then set the poverty line at about $6,000, not much below today's median income. There will then be just as high a proportion of poor Americans in the year 2000 as there is today. Meanwhile by the old view imposing an unchanging poverty standard, poverty virtually will have vanished.

One aspect of poverty, however, can be eliminated in any event. Poverty in America is not only an economic problem. It is also a social problem. Poverty is not only the income that poor families have. It is also the way in which they spend it.

Living on $3,335, intelligently budgeted, among good steady people, is one thing. The same money spent foolishly, amid slum conditions of crime, filth, addiction, and illiteracy, is something else and much less. America today has a low-income population, and it also has a ghetto population. Their problems are very different, though they are in part the same people.

The need of the ghetto people is for rehabilitation, education, an upgrading of their environment. This is the least society owes them; it is a disgrace, as well as a menace, that people are living in those conditions. If that much can be accomplished—a big If—I venture to predict that the problem of poverty will lose much of the urgency with which it is now invested.

A generation at least will go by before the social side of poverty can be much improved. Whether, when that is done, the word "poor" is applied to the still numerous people living below $6,000 or only to the few still below $3,000 will create less of a stir than the social side of poverty should and does today.

The Trevira Era sharply defined by Don Simonelli for Modelia in fabric of Trevira by French River Mills

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Books

BY ANTHONY WEST

The Presidents' Men, "*flabby news breaks*"

The Presidents' Men (Doubleday) is an incomplete and sketchily researched study of some of the men who have been Presidential aides since F.D.R. took office. It is by Patrick Anderson, and it is a very characteristic piece of modern journalism. That is to say that it is the work of an outsider pretending to be an insider, and that it is couched in a twaddlingly vulgar language that its author supposes to be forceful and direct. "How do you run the American government? How do you make it work?" Mr. Anderson asks himself at one point, and then goes on: "The Founding Fathers pondered those questions at Philadelphia in 1787, and they are still pondered today by Presidents and the men around them." Another of Mr. Anderson's flabby news breaks concerns Dwight D. Eisenhower: "After spending much of his military career as a staff officer, he rose during the Second World War to be the Supreme Commander of the mightiest army in history."

When not dealing in flashing insights of this kind, Mr. Anderson is taking us behind the scenes for intimate and revealing glimpses such as this of Sherman Adams: "Only Adams's close friends were permitted to glimpse the caustic humour behind his icy exterior. Once he and Robert Cutler went to hear pianist Van Cliburn perform. As the concert ended, amid wild cheers, Cliburn and his conductor shook hands, embraced, and finally kissed one another. Adams, asked later what he'd thought of the young pianist, replied dryly: 'He ought to do less kissin'.' "

Mr. Anderson touches this same profound level of acuity and perceptiveness in the portrait of Robert Kennedy that forms part of his gratuitously spiteful and totally unreliable account of the processes that made Pierre Salinger J.F.K.'s press secretary: "At Harvard, one of the athletes Bobby Kennedy most liked to hang out with was the star quarterback, Ken O'Donnell. They palled around together, walked with a swagger, and curled their lips at the Phi Beta Kappas." The inanity of this picture of the life of the Harvard-Irish is a good match to Mr. Anderson's thesis that the Kennedys were acting out some kind of prep-school fantasy in the White House and that they picked on Salinger because he was fat and jolly, and there always has to be a fat comic foil to the clean-cut athletic hero in a school story.

What is most objectionable about the book is its prevailing tone of petty malice. The explanation for this isn't very far to seek. The Presidential aides are the President's men of confidence. It is no part of their function to be gabby and communicative to pressmen, or to give away the secrets of government with which they have been entrusted. They are also chronically overworked and have little time to spare. They consequently look on most members of the working press as irrelevant nuisances whose main object in life is to tempt them into indiscretions that would destroy their usefulness. This leads them to avoid pressmen when possible, and to brush them off with idle chitchat when cornered. This can make being a White House reporter, particularly one of the second rank, an exceedingly galling business. As a result the Washington press corps spends much of its time swapping compensatory gossip in which its members are built up as wise, well-informed pros, and the White House staff cut down to size as a collection of bungling amateurs. Mr. Anderson's book is a collection of such stuff.

The Trevira Era emphatically illustrated by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader in fabric of Trevira by French River Mills

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Smirnoff Vodka leaves you breathless.

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

What's going on this autumn here and there:

in New York, in Paris, in London . . . the good new ideas for now. . . .

Socks abroad: after the silly sockless fad, the wit and ***surprise of colour*** one sees on men in London and Paris who match rose, lime, or canary socks to their shirts or sweaters. The most sought-after there come from Adler or Burlington here in the States. . . . ***Deep darks: bitter browns, mixed with black . . .*** the colours men in New York want to wear together. At Bonwit Teller, the big hit of the Turnbull & Asser shop: floppy brown velvet bows, $7.50; brown velvet cummerbunds, $15; brown velvet pumps with black grosgrain bows, cut like a gondolier's shoes, $30, by Capezio. All to wear with a black dinner suit. By day: the hip-length bitter-brown leather jacket, banded in black, worn with black or brown pants and sweater; by Pierre Cardin, $200. Bonwit Teller Cardin Shop. . . . ***About the collar*** is where ***most of the news*** is concentrated in coats this autumn. What the new collar is about is seen, right, in the raincoat worn by ***Oren Stevens.*** Besides the high, rather romantic collar, points to note are the close cut, with full swagger back, the double-breasted closing. The Lancer, by Aquascutum, $80; British American House, N. Y. His glasses by Ray Ban, designed for skeet shooters with Kalchrome lenses. ***London: Head straight for Sids*** for the freshest shoe ideas in the smartest new shop in town. American ***Lawrence Copley Thaw*** is responsible. He got together a group of Royal College of Art alumni, set them to designing men's shoes, had the best designs beautifully made in Portugal, displayed at 4a Sloane Street, S.W. 1 (near Harrod's) in a sleek modern case of glass, glittering tortoise-shell, bronze, and apricot silk designed by Mrs. Thaw. Designs point the way to what will be afoot: the kick is clunky toes, colour, and patent leather. Below: the shop, and four of the shoes, all between $25 and $35. Left to right: tortoise patent, side-buckled antique leather, studded shoe in russet or black glacé leather, suède-trimmed black patent slipper. ***Leathers or feathers*** make the handsomest vests, designed for wearing without a jacket, with a great shirt or turtle-neck sweater for at home or out dancing. Among the best vests in the shops now: ***Valerie Porr's*** beige, white, and brown guinea feather mosaic weskit, $125. Palacio, 830 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; a cinnamon-brown antique leather vest, about $65. Europhilia, 200 E. 62nd St., N. Y.

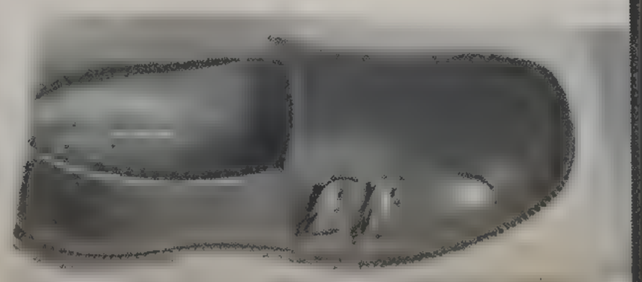


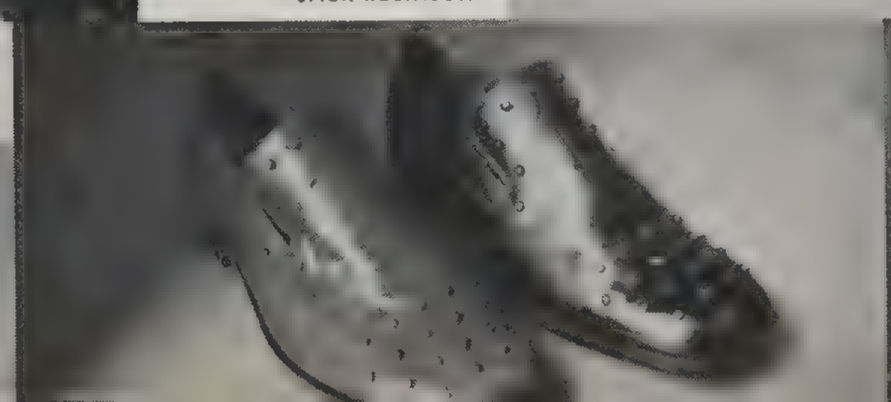
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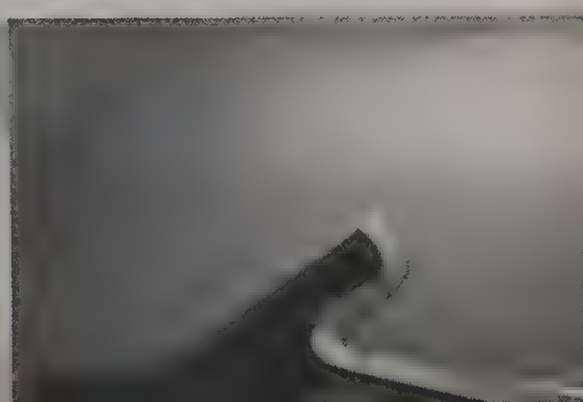


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Bonwit Teller, N.Y.C. & Branches; Higbee Co., Cleveland; Stix Baer Fuller, St. Louis; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1968

VOGUE's eye view

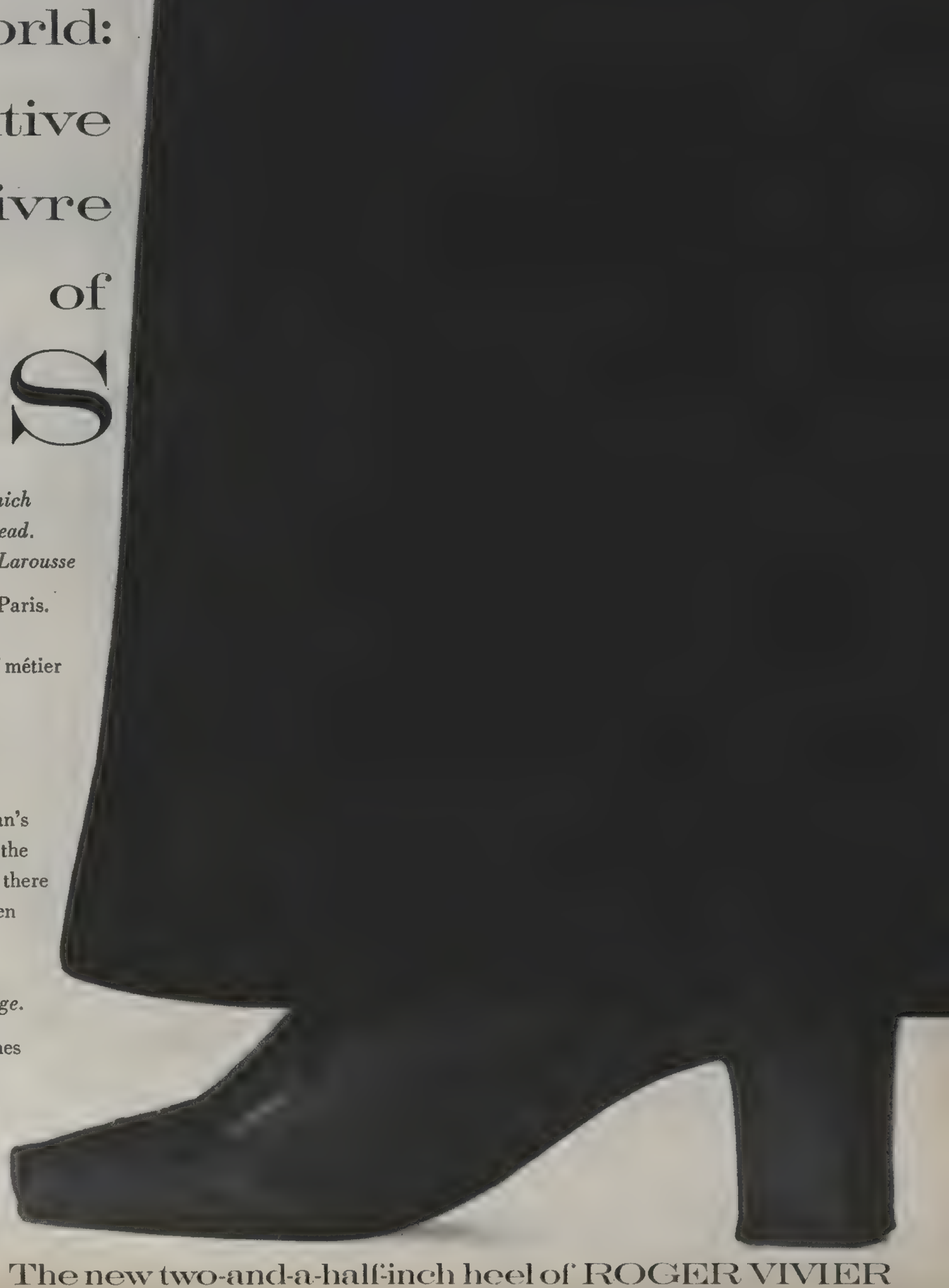
Fashion to stimulate the world: the inventive savoir vivre of PARIS

✻ *Couture: stitches . . . a seam . . . a series of points by which fabric is joined together by means of a needle and thread. Haute couture: first-rate dressmaking.* —*Larousse*

☆ Sublime expertise keeps the couture alive and well in Paris. Like a superb hybrid lily, couture takes so many experiments, so much strength of talent, knowledge of métier it is a necessary luxury. It is here that the original starts, then it reaches everyone; its correctness and authority are irresistible.... Paris, with its élite corps of thinking designers and dedicated workers, influences and renews every woman's taste and appearance just as it enhances the beauty of the women who dress with this great privilege. As long as there is a feeling for fashion, an appreciated rapport between clients and designers, and a respect for craftsmen who know and cherish their métiers, the couture will entrance, flourish, and endure. *More on next page.*

✻ *Right:* The newest heel in Paris—two-and-a-half inches measured on the inside. Gives the body a new stance, a new line. And it's great with pants. By Roger Vivier for Saint Laurent; to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

PENN



The new two-and-a-half-inch heel of ROGER VIVIER

PARIS

✻ Il faut être moderne, prescribed Rimbaud, and—as always—the great designers have given us clothes completely of the times.

☆ *The dash begins with the foot…a new walk… a new heel well set back, thick, straight, two-and-a-half-inches high on the inside…. Changes a woman's stance, the line of her body. Gives her a new point of view…. Marvellous with pants.*

✻ Paris is filled with fresh, attractive, and desirable clothes and pretty girls looking great with their shoulder bags and mini-jupes or pants and pullovers….Older women impeccably turned out in perfectly fitted clothes and always with the dash of today….Both ages are respected and there is something for everyone…. Somehow the ease of the European woman with herself and her clothes adds to the atmosphere of the city.

☆ *Wonderful white mouflon furs, long, curly, silky, flower-printed in clean Matisse colours…. Pale drowned-flower prints for coats and suits…. Bright mink day and night: indigo blue, soft olive-green; a flash of vivid yellow on a black suit.*



✻ The prettiest day dresses define the waist…. Watch for two colours per dress: contrasting hem-bands, tabs, pockets, flashes of appliqué…. and the snap and polish of all-over leather.

☆ *Pants for day and evening: The jump suit, one-piece, tailored in everything from steel-grey jersey to black satin to paillettes to innocent, flirty St. Gall embroidery….The best top for pants is the tunic shirt fastened with a tab front, often belted, sometimes straight, and always worn with the two-and-a-half-inch heel.*

✻ Short luxurious evening dresses, racy and useful: Black crêpe, high-necked, long-sleeved with a twelve-inch hem of voyant marabou bands—violet, shock-pink, green, and orange….Berry-red silk with a small sexy harness top, then rolling on the bias wider and wider to the hem.

☆ *There is not a single part in the hair of Paris…. Serene, Chinese-princess hair is moulded smoothly to the head with guiches at the sides, and a Georges or ponytail at the back. Braids like silky cords wrap the forehead, wrap ponytails and Georges.*

✻ Coups de mystère: black spotted veils on wide, uneven-brimmed hats….Deep black chenille stockings; divine with short evening looks.

☆ *The force of youth has won on every barricade in fashion….You're free to wear what you like: pants, mini-jupes, little skimps of dresses, coats to the ground, swashbuckling belts, or tops—see left and right—like premier denier silk stockings, sheer and snug on the body…. An enveloping tent of black chiffon stealing silently to the ground over a bare body with only a ruff of ostrich feathers at the hips, a gold belt against the skin….Black chiffon transparent as the last tropical twilight. Transparent but never nude.*



PENN



the spirit of
freedom at
COURRÈGES

The transparent top in navy, *far left*, moulding, holding, veiling the torso like a nylon stocking and revealing the most beautiful length of back as it tapers into pailletted navy hip pants—one of the delicious ways that darkness entered the house of Courrèges this year....In black, *left*, the transparent top for a pants suit of brick-patterned organdie; black vinyl scallops on the hip-slung pants; black vinyl knots closing the hip-long cardigan. Both pants suits: Sakowitz. Coiffures: Carita.



PENN

PARIS: sculpture and the body at UNGARO

The metal dress, *this page:* it could be cloth of silver, the way it lies pliant and gleaming against the skin. In fact, it's a soft, very special metal alloy, created by Gustin, that can be pressed smooth and flat, made to bend and mould to the body. Out of this, Ungaro has designed the most sensational little bandeau and mini-jupe—and thrown on the surprise of a short white circle of cape, all giddy with curlicues of St. Gall embroidery. Steel yourself for daisies, *left.* Ungaro's on his mettle again. This time, a harnessed bandeau of supplest metal plus an undulating metal belt, after which everything's daisy—dozens and dozens in white chintz blowing about carelessly on transparent, no-colour organza pants. Both pages: St. Gall embroidery by Nelo; Carita coiffures.

PARIS: strapped under and wrapped around – the perfect Georges by ALEXANDRE

The perfect Georges: hair simply pulled back, unparted, clean and shining—all is in the combing, the strapping, the wrapping. For Dior, *right,* Alexandre loops the hair under in a smooth ponytail and wraps it up high on the neck with coils of self-hair. For Saint Laurent, *far right,* Alexandre makes a low loop on the neck, straps it to the nape with tight little plaits of matching hair finished off in a loop of their own.



PENN





PARIS: the glorious Angora jersey capes of GRÈS

Huge round unlined jersey capes, *left and right,* rolled like fine linen handkerchiefs at the hem and luxurious beyond words, are a terrific hit in the Grès collection; they cover everything for evening, with that calm unqualified beauty which Grès always brings to women—and to evening. Yards and yards of black cape, *left,* wholly envelop a black jersey dress in one sheer voluminous sweep. Cape, at Bonwit Teller; to order at I. Magnin. Earrings by Grès.
Yards and yards of chestnut-brown cape, *right,* are thrown back off the shoulder to reveal a fluted Grès column of white jersey, with pleated bands showing slices of bareness where they cross at each side. Dress, in Racine silk, at Lord & Taylor; to order at I. Magnin. Both capes in wool and Angora jersey by Veron. And, with both, the perfume that is as much a part of every Grès evening as her jersey—Cabochard. Coiffures by Carita.



PENN

PARIS: GIVENCHY

at the top of his form



The perfect jump suit, *left*, of black gazar tied with the perfect satin ribbon—vivid pink wrapping a little waist within a kimono-sleeved arc. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Givenchy stockings. Shoes by Mancini for Givenchy. Coiffure by Alexandre. Miracle of black crêpe, *right*, beautifully proportioned and simply cut—gathered neckline with a chain of diamanté daisies threaded through, winding over each shoulder, around and down each arm. To order at Bergdorf Goodman: I. Magnin. Also at Marshall Field. Givenchy jewellery and gloves. And, mingling with the daisies, the unseen fragrance of Givenchy's other favourite flowers—jasmine, cyclamen, Bulgar roses, and violets—coming together in his great perfume Le De.

PENN



PARIS: the pants look at DIOR and SAINT LAURENT



Dior's great pants suit, *left,* in heavy greige jersey knit—perfect straight pants and long belted jacket with a fluffy lynx hood thrown back on the shoulders, big pockets; worn over a belted beige jersey tunic. The proportion's superb—there isn't a better-looking pants suit in Paris. Forneris fabric. To order, Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Also at Neiman-Marcus; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Dior shoes. Saint Laurent's total pants turnout, *right:* take it from the top—buckled leather headband, snug-tied neckscarf, lightly shaped demi-long greige tweed coat over a belted cinnamon cashmere shirt to mid-thigh, cuffed grey flannel pants, black patent ankle boots with Roger Vivier's important new high straight heel, set well back. A total success. Gandini fabric. At Bergdorf Goodman; to order, I. Magnin. Saint Laurent scarf. Alexandre coiffures, both pages.

PENN



PENN

PARIS: pants with tunics for every hour at SAINT LAURENT

Everything there is to know about pants this year is known and shown—superbly—by Saint Laurent, and always with Roger Vivier's new higher-heeled shoe or boot. *Far left:* narrow black jersey tunic cut like a long weskit over wide-legged black jersey pants—with a ribbed white turtleneck, belted nine-tenths coat of black-and-white herringbone...very dashing, dégagé. Racine jersey, Fournier tweed. To order, Bergdorf Goodman; I .Magnin.
New way to wear a belt, *near left:* as an Indian headband—marvellous with tailored pants turnouts—see here, left, and back one page. Designed by Alexandre for Saint Laurent in metal-buckled stitched leather.
Black jersey tunic and pants with fur, *near right:* perfect little buttoned-up tunic, belted over straight wide pants; the sidekick, a nine-tenths ocelot coat, leather-tied. Racine jersey. Tunic, pants to order, Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Black pants plus black fur, *above right:* small, sleeveless monkey-fur coat belted over a black moiré velvet tunic and pants with flare. Bianchini velvet.
At Jordan Marsh, Boston; Sakowitz.
To order: I. Magnin. Romantic black satin turnout, *below right:* shirt-tunic with white satin collar and cuffs, gardenia, fringed black satin sash, wide flowing pants—anywhere you want to, wear it. To order, Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Both pages: Saint Laurent jewellery; shoes by Roger Vivier for Saint Laurent; Alexandre coiffures.



PARIS: the great little day looks of COURRÈGES

For the first time Courrèges showed dark colours and the effect couldn't have been brighter—gay, pretty, and full of beans—the kind of fashion you could go on wearing and wearing and wearing...as in a coat of tweedy dark-grey wool, *left*, flashed with clean, chalk white—buttons, belt buckle, double-faced twill dress,



gloves, and his divine new boots like soft little moccasins to the middle of the calf. Courrèges Couture Future coat, at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. What great tailoring is all about, *far left*, in beige and *far right* in dark-brown: a Courrèges belted coat—perfection from the tabs on the cuffs, the tab that holds the deep back pleat, the welted seams that hold the coat close to the back, run diagonally from collar to waist in front. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Lacquer-red suit, *above*, of double-faced wool rounded at every corner—little A skirt hung on a scalloped yoke, scalloped belted jacket—all sharpened by a white ribbed cotton turtleneck, white tights, and the soft, white moccasin-boots. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Coiffures by Carita.

PENN







PARIS: the tip-topcoats of UNGARO





Firmament print, *left*, soft melting waves of anthracite, sky-blue, and white, with rounded lapels, rounded pockets, rounded hem—everywhere a curve on an Ungaro topcoat. Of Nattier wool and Lurex. At Bonwit Teller.

U-buckled coat, *above left:* the shine of steel on cinnamon Melton cloth, well-belted and buttoned and patch-pocketed, with a back pleat and all you could ask for underneath—pale-grey wool jumper, cinnamon wool turtleneck and tights. Nattier wool. Bonwit Teller. Guibert gloves.

The coat and dress, *below left*, turned out with Edwardian delicacy: shaped pale-grey Melton cloth—curved welt seams in front, strapped vent in back—over a stock-tied dress of grey-pink-and-white plaid challis. Of Nattier wool.

Curves of sharp white piping, *right*, outlining a fly-front coat of dark-grey wool with a kicky back pleat swinging over a long-sleeved belted dress of pale-yellow wool. Nattier wool. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Neiman-Marcus. Guibert gloves.

The belted, vented brown suède topcoat, *above*, that tops everything—cropped turtleneck jump suit of brown ribbed wool; brown ribbed stockings; brown-and-white plaid sleeveless jumper; brown suède boots with thick workingman soles. Bonwit Teller. Boots by Rogèr Vivier for Ungaro. Coiffures by Carita.

PENN

PARIS: the belted days of CARDIN...
DIOR'S nifty short evening



Monastic in feeling, *left,* Cardin's hooded coatdress in dark-brown double-faced wool fleece. Sleeves from high armholes, small at the top, spreading like bells at the wrists. Narrow tied belt. Matching helmet. Fabric by Moreau. At Bonwit Teller. Gloves by Guibert. Earrings by Desbruères.

Prettiest of its kind, *far left,* Cardin's small pale-blue jersey dress with deep scalloped yoke that caps the shoulders, a band at the hem. Black patent leather belt. Fabric by Leonard. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Boots by Villon. Coiffure by Carita.

Dior's amusing pailletted mini-jupe, *opposite,* of navy blue with a long navy velvet smoking jacket and a long-sleeved shirt of white chiffon, wrapped and tied at the throat—one of the attractive desirable turnouts Marc Bohan is famous for. Paillettes by Schlaefer. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Alexandre.

Appealing atmosphere here: Miss Dior—a romantic young perfume, all blossoms and mystery.

PENN



PARIS: the pretty, pretty evenings of PATOU

Starchy white ruff on gauzy black silk zagar, *left:* tiny lifted bodice and a spring of fullness to the ankles—the kind of dress that makes every girl in the world feel like the prettiest thing alive; like everything at Patou this year, delicious, wearable, and just about tops in becomingness. Abraham fabric. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Shoes: Andrea for Patou. Fluffs of curly white ostrich feathers, *below,* at the neckline and hem of red gazar party dress with a close little top, wide belt, and burst of skirt. Fabric by Abraham. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Shoes: Andrea for Patou. Pierrot collared tunic and pants, *right:* pristine white handkerchief linen on black velvet edged in black ribbon faille—tunic top held at the waist over wide, straight velvet pants. Fabric by Leonard. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Rings by Majaro; Scemama. Shoes: Andrea for Patou. The bird girl, *below right,* alluring as a dream in a naked-chiffon jump suit absolutely dripping with white ostrich feathers and tied with a satin sash. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Scemama ring. Shoes: Andrea for Patou. Patou flowers to wear with all—rose and jasmine—the essence of Joy, his great perfume. Coiffures by Carita.





PENN



PARIS: tunic pyjamas from DIOR... high-waisted ball dress from GRÈS

Dior's tunic pyjamas, *left*, of palest pistachio crêpe, the top cut small, gathered skirt, wide-legged pants. At the waist, a cord tasselled in ostrich. Bands, and a Byzantine scroll, in tourmalines, gold beads, silver threads. Fabric woven of Qiana by Abraham. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Coiffure: Carita. From Grès, *right*, heaven on earth—a perfect evening dress of apricot double-faced gabardine. Taut bodice with very cut-out round armholes, high in back, a scooped-out front; enormous full skirt. All, bias. Fabric woven of Qiana by Bucol. At Bonwit Teller. To order at I. Magnin. Coiffure by Carita. Fabrics on both pages, of pure Qiana—DuPont's new breakthrough, a silkalike nylon fibre—washes, never water-spots, never crushes—introduced this year by the Paris couture.



PENN

PARIS: UNGARO
in many moods

Printed wool pants suit, caped, *left:* merging waves of grey, candy-pink, and white move marvellously as the short cape swings over a white leather weskit, a white ribbed turtleneck . . . a really practical way to dress—layers of things pulled together, as all of Ungaro's clothes are, with a great sense of luxury and inventiveness. At Bonwit Teller. Slippers by Roger Vivier for Ungaro. Layers of Dandy colour, *below left:* buff and cream streak across the tailored wool coat and skirt; more dandified colour underneath—snuff leather weskit, ivory ribbed baby turtleneck. Wide-belted wool dress and coat, *right,* with great rounded and welted seams—the pale blue-green dress and pale buff coat are both belted in palest beige kid. At Bonwit Teller. Printed wool turnout, *above right:* an apricot suède weskit separates—and pulls together—splashing layers of apricot, green, and white . . . wool coat and skirt, challis shirt and tie. Turnouts, on both pages, in Nattier wool. Stockings by Ungaro. Coiffures by Carita.

PENN





PARIS: GRÈS and CARDIN... sharp and amusing for evening

The scarlet page of Grès,
this page: shaped tunic of heavy scarlet silk
faille with spectacular brown faille
bell-sleeves jumping away from the shoulders; over
straight-legged scarlet pants—
a smashy dashy way to look for evening.
Of Bucol fabric. To order, I. Magnin.
Earrings by Grès. Shoes by Roger Vivier for Grès.
Cardin's marabou parfait, *right:* orange,
green, purple, pink—hot-shot marabou bands
circling the shortest little flirt
of black satin-back crêpe all covered up with long
sleeves and high turtleneck . . . and the fresh
green fragrance of Cardin's Singulier perfume.
At Bonwit Teller. Earrings by Scemama. Stockings,
shoes by Cardin. Coiffures, both pages, by Carita.



PARIS: SAINT LAURENT'S
evenings, covered in news

Gypsy shirtdresses for evening, *this page:* wool challis printed in squares and diamonds; narrow to the hips, then pressed pleats full to the floor. Brown, navy, orange, with a lacy golden belt; black, purple, orange, with a fabric belt. Silk scarfs at the necks. Fabric by Abraham. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

Ravishing black suède tunic, *opposite,* with deep fringe, rosettes of pink and green stones, glittering beads. Magenta satin shirt with big sleeves, tight cuffs. Wide black velvet pants. Silk by Abraham. Embroidery by Lesage. Velvet by Leonard. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Roger Vivier's wonderful heel for Saint Laurent, *far right,* one that gives every fashion its big new kick—unshaped, set well back, 2½ inches high, measured from the instep-side. Unseen toe: a rounded square.

Both pages, coiffures by Alexandre.

Another romantic covering, only sensed here—Saint Laurent's one and only perfume: Y.

PENN





THE ITALIAN COLLECTIONS

An almost baroque sense of luxury, unique in Europe, as Italian women really enjoy big entrances. . . . Great use of black, not sad black—rich, vivid black velvets and charmeuses fabulously accessorized. . . . Triumph of the pants suit . . . the pizazz of beaded dresses at Schön . . . the Valentino long Delft dresses: these, showstoppers. . . . Everything upbeat in the Italian collections—lack of restraint, explosion of glamour, *gioia di vivere!*

VALENTINO, *above:* Madame Philippe Leroy, the wife of the French actor, lends her willowy Gallic beauty to a black velvet dinner suit scalloped in black silk braid over a velvet-belted heavy white moire blouse; its gallant escort, worn here by Signor Jean Claude de Luca, is Valentino's black velvet *smoking*—braided in black moire over a black moire waistcoat and worn with a white silk evening shirt and black satin *lavallière* cravat. Both dinner suits in Forneris silks. At Martha. To order at I. Magnin. Madame Leroy's earrings by Valentino. Signor de Luca's patent leather evening shoes by Rossetti.

Right: The Delft porcelain showstoppers of Valentino's collection, sensational in their silk luxuriousness as they enter and sweep across the great baroque rooms of Bernini's world. Both, in heavy Taroni silk. At Martha. To order at I. Magnin. Slippers by Dal Cò for Valentino. Jewellery by Giovanna del Drago. Makeup by Gil of Max Factor. Both pages photographed in the Palazzo Borghese apartment of Signora Agnese Bruguier. Coiffures, these fourteen pages, by Alba and Francesca of Rome.

HENRY CLARKE



FROM ITALY: THE ABSOLUTE JEWELS

BULGARI: A look and a law unto themselves—the very great jewels that leave nothing to be desired and little more to be worn. *Left:* Enamel snakes—the most precious pets around—playing about hair, neck, arm; the necklace keeps track of the time in its head. *Right:* A cabochon collier baubling forth amethysts, emeralds, turquoises in a sapphire and diamond cascade set in gold.

Both pages: Makeup so delicate you scarcely know where nature leaves off and art begins—a glowing tribute to the fine Italian hand of Elizabeth Arden's Pablo who spreads a haze of Sheer Frost Creme Blush on cheek and temple, mists the eyes with Pewter Frost, and shimmers Auburn Frost Light across the lips.

BARBIERI



FROM ITALY: THE BELTED COATDRESS, TUNIC-AND-PANTS FOR DAY

MILA SCHÖN, left: Tricolour belted coatdress for a great day in town—black and white with a mock weskit of tan, gold-and-enamel buttons and buckle. Agnona wool. This page: the tunic-and-pants turnout as Mila Schön sees it for day. White wool shirt-tunic and supple white kidskin pants—clean, lean, modern—like Nervi architecture. Nattier wool. Costumes, both pages: Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Buckle, buttons by Loris Abate. Mila Schön hats. Palazzo Doria, Rome's Brazilian Embassy, is the setting here and on the next two pages. Makeup here and on the next [illegible]: Gil of Max Factor.

HENRY CLARKE

MILA SCHÖN, this page: the nine-tenths coat in pearl-grey double-faced wool with curving seams, curved pockets—over a short matching tunic, grey elasticized leather tights, grey boots. Nattier wool. Martha; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hat by Mila Schön. The boots by Varese for Mila Schön. VALENTINO, opposite page: wide white wool cape running circles around a short-sleeved white wool dress with a diamanté-buckled belt; worn with a big white fox beret, high white suède boots. Cape in Agnona wool. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; to order. I. Magnin. Beret by Valentino. Boots by Dal Cò for Valentino.

HENRY CLARKE

FROM ITALY:
THE LONG COAT,
THE WIDE CAPE
FOR DAY

FROM ITALY: THE GOOD-LOOKING NEW DAYS

VALENTINO, this page: neat little shaped coat of black wool with V-for-Valentino-buttons on the side, V-neck showing a neck-tied white silk shirt. Nattier wool. Lord & Taylor; Amen Wardy, El Paso; Holt Renfrew of Canada; to order at I. Magnin. **VALENTINO**, above left, opposite: good-looking black wool turnout—jacket belted close over a belted black dress with scalloped seaming above a widened hem. Nattier fabric. At Bergdorf Goodman; to order at I. Magnin. Here and near right: Valentino fur berets, earrings; stockings by Fama for Valentino; shoes by Dal Cò for Valentino; photographed at the Brazilian Embassy in Rome, Palazzo Doria Pamphili.

GALITZINE, above right, opposite: blue-grey crêpe coatdress with touches of white, a silvery clasp closing it to the side over grey-and-white short pants, white-dashed grey stockings. Nattier wool and Du Pont nylon crêpe. Bergdorf Goodman; to order, I. Magnin. Kappa stockings. Shoes by Lucarelli.

FORQUET, below left, opposite: bias-cut beige wool coat with a pointed bib and cap, panels pointing into the skirt to give it width and swing. Canessa hat. Pin by Giovanna del Drago for Forquet. Fama stockings. Background, here and above right, opposite: the staircase of Palazzo Taverna.

CAROSA, below right, opposite: wide black-and-white stripes swiped over a long jacket, a slice of orange emblazoned across the heart; worn over a narrow black dress. Polidori fabric. Carosa hat. Albanese shoes. Setting: the staircase of Palazzo Torlonia di Civitella Cesi.









FROM ITALY: A WEALTH OF EXCITEMENT FOR EVENING

MILA SCHÖN, this page: Roman toga carved cleanly in greige silk, rimmed with diamanté embroidery—sparking the dark beauty of Signora Antonella Agnelli. Bini fabric. Evening dress at Martha; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

BIKI, above left, opposite: little black velvet theatre suit outlined in black moiré silk, turned out with a black moiré silk blouse. Shoes by Albanese.

DE BARENTZEN, above right, opposite: transparent black organza sleeves bordered in crystal and winging away from a black velvet dress with ribboned crystal links at the waist.

SARLI, below left, opposite: long black chiffon halter dress, liquid lines caught with a bramble of bogus emeralds and diamonds—worn by Signora Antonella Agnelli. Taroni fabric. Jewellery and belt by Sarli.

CAROSA and FABIANI, below right, opposite. And they both wore pants turned out with marvellous jackets. . . . She's in Carosa's long black velvet jacket edged in black grosgrain; pants to match. He, in Fabiani's black Persian lamb jacket banded in black passementerie: black cravat, black pants—he being Italian actor Tomas Milian, with three movies scheduled for U.S. release: *Account Rendered*, *Face to Face*, and *Viva la Revolución* with Orson Welles. Setting this page, above right and below left, opposite page: Palazzo Doria Pamphili, the Brazilian Embassy in Rome. Above left and below right, opposite page, the Palazzo Borghese apartment of Signora Agnese Bruguier.

HENRY CLARKE











FROM ITALY: THE GRAND EVENINGS

MILA SCHON, left: All beads—two shades of grey beads, silvery beads—shimmering all over a long narrow caftan closed to the side and banded brilliantly at every edge. Caftan at Martha; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Shoes by Varese for Mila Schon. BAROCCO, this page: Signora Amonella Agnelli wears a flowing black Bedouin cape of heavy crêpe edged in the same silvery diamanté embroidery that makes the little vest underneath, with a white turtleneck and wide straight crêpe pants—the kind of all-out turnout that turns evening on. Polidori fabric. At Marshall Field. Giovanna del Drago jewellery. Shoes: Lamperti for Barrocco. Background, both pages: Palazzo Doria, the Brazilian Embassy in Rome.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new beat of the campaigns, with every player a different drummer. . . . Delegate behaviour at political conventions, underlined by the youngest Republican delegate blatting into his particular tent show, "Thank you for your inattention." . . . The television newsmen who seem to be training to play Perry Mason, ad lib. . . . The unfaultable ebullience of Julie Nixon, happy in her work. . . . Art Carney in Brian Friel's two mild plays, *Lovers*, at Lincoln Center, rolling up his performances as if they amounted to an old carpet, worn, attractive, familiar, and worth something.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Those Remarkable Cunards: Emerald and Nancy*, a book about two amazing women who for a time in the first part of this century were transfigured by a delicious coincidence of time, place, money, and lack of inhibition; who were "great dabs" at almost everything; and who have now been written about by Daphne Fielding, a circumstance curiously like a Waugh heroine writing about a Hemingway heroine. . . . The scholarly, ranging, important exhibition "Mastercraftsmen of Peru," opening at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York on September 20, delivering new images, new subtleties, new comprehensions of witty, savvy pre-Columbian cultures. . . . The quiet backchat in the manner of, but not, the Beatles in the gorgeous overblown cartoon *Yellow Submarine*, with one faux-Beatle muttering like a lovable ninny: "I told you not to eat on an empty stomach."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "Googie," a silly word brought back from summer camps by small boys who use it for everything from jujubes to the World Series but not for poison ivy. . . . The odd lure of Rochelle Owens's play *Futz!* which keeps running Off-Broadway in spite of the fact that its only asset is that the young, sweating cast remains athletic and unintelligible. . . . *Charly*, an unreasonable movie that is not, among other things, documentary, sci-fi, or fairy tale, but allows Cliff Robertson to be effective as a mentally retarded man and boring as a smart one. . . . *The Biological Time Bomb*, an omnibus of scientifically suggested possibilities for the future of man, by Gordon Rattray Taylor, who, within this flood of monstrous, or utopian, or merely inevitable projections, quotes Professor Jean Rostand: "There is no prior reason why we should not succeed in stimulating the working of the brain. . . . Even if the use of these future drugs resulted in no more than a few minutes of 'super thought' per day, and if these flashes were paid for by long periods of depression, mankind would still find it worthwhile to produce them. . . ."

PIERRE BOULEZ, *right*, dark, intense, fast-moving, and blunt, is the militant of new music. A great and greatly controversial conductor, pianist, serialist composer, and critic, he returns here this season to lead the orchestras of New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Cleveland. "I want to conduct the classical of contemporary music, Schoenberg, Webern, Berg, Messiaen," said Boulez. "Tradition, as too many listeners understand it, is pure Madame Tussaud. Music should be part of life, not just opening a coffin." A Frenchman of insolence to academics and of vision to vanguardists, he has been imitated; his works, especially his famous *Le Marteau sans Maître*, plagiarized and dissected by young conservatory wolves of both East and West. In his new book, *Notes of an Apprenticeship*, published this month by Knopf, Boulez wrote: "Serial thought is founded on a universe in perpetual expansion"—one Boulez composition, *Pli selon Pli*, lasts an entire evening. Born forty-two years ago in Montbrison, Loire, Pierre Boulez left his bourgeois, nonmusical milieu at sixteen for the Paris Conservatory, where he studied the School of Vienna: Schoenberg and his disciples. First a composer, then a conductor, Boulez led the incidental music for Jean-Louis Barrault's theatre company before conducting chamber groups and founding the Paris Domaine Musical. "One got the impression of a robot emitting messages in code," wrote one critic of his podium technique, undramatic, sober, precise. When he conducts, his small, square hands soar in wide circles and at times, during high crescendos, he resembles a high diver taking off from the top springboard. "Conducting for me is a lively hobby—action compensating intellect—it's like gymnastics. . . . My tastes are not at all eccentric. I like Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner, but not Tchaikovsky," said Boulez. Recently for Columbia Records, he conducted the *Symphonie Fantastique* and *Lélio* by Berlioz and serialist works by his former teacher, Olivier Messiaen, who wrote, "For me, Pierre Boulez is the greatest musician of his generation and perhaps of the first half of the twentieth century. He is also the greatest composer of serial music. . . . He has outstripped us all."

SNOWDON



ONLY THE NON-POETS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ned Rorem, a distinguished composer with a span from art songs to symphony, is perhaps the first of a generation achieving young fame in the late '40s and '50s to have published two intensely personal journals,* The Paris Diary *and* The New York Diary . . . *"I am shy and set a precedent: I confess on the page instead of in talk." This article is a chapter from his new book,* Music and People, *which will be published next month.*

I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eyes
As though they'd wrought it.
Song, let them take it,
For there's more enterprise
In walking naked.

—YEATS

I am unconcerned with clothes, so won't mention it except to mention it.

There is no such thing as a well-dressed artist, much less The Well-Dressed Artist: these two implied occupations cancel each other out, since both are full-time jobs.

By definition, an artist does not dress, he undresses. His business —sometimes his pleasure—is to expose himself. Even his skin is ripped off, flung to a wind that sweeps it beyond our horizon. We then applaud a throbbing heart laid bare. The heart's blood drips to the ground. Weakened, the artist stumbles, staining his shoes. Next day red shoes are In.

What he happens to wear for this striptease is inconsequential to him, since he is not a performer (e.g., the dancer, conductor, tragedian who will ultimately interpret his work) but a creator. Creation is a private affair. A painter at work would only soil his Brooks Brothers Shirt, if he had one to soil.

It's the nine-to-fivers who change shirts, keep up appearances, are seen. An artist when seen (I speak always of so-called creative artists, never of executants)—an artist when seen is no longer an artist, but a man *representing* the person who painted that picture or composed that piece. Perhaps this man is Well Dressed; but if, as the saying goes, he is also Great, whatever he wears is right. What he wears is right if he is The One to wear it. He is the one, if elected. Who elects? A faceless consensus. (Warhol's dark glasses at midnight are *chic.*) It's not He the Artist but He the Flirt who dresses. Flirtation and the knack for clothes are both called arts, but they are not arts which here concern us.

Women dress to *impress,* in this order: each other, men, themselves; but they dress to *please* in this order: men, themselves, each other. Men dress to impress themselves, each other, women; and to please themselves, women, each other.

Artists—and here I distinguish them less as another sex than as another species—dress to console (or to disdain, which is the same) the public. A beard can be high fashion: Allen Ginsberg's is more emulated than Commander Schweppes's, or whatever his name is. And yes, even a stance is habiliment: Glenn Gould's slouch, Corelli's chestiness, Bernstein's hip-swing. But these are performers. It is Ginsberg the actor, not the poet, who doesn't shave. Nor is it Bernstein-the-composer who once sported a Koussevitsky-type cape, or who now employs a private tailor. Composers aren't hams: it isn't the composer within Virgil Thomson but the sometime baton-flashing socialite who is garbed by the men's store of Lanvin.

Lanvin's gorgeous daughter Marie-Blanche, the late Comtesse Jean de Polignac, was a soprano of rare quality. Indeed, were I lost on a desert island with a choice of only five LP records, one would be her singing of Monteverdi's *Madrigals* under the direction of her dear friend and mentor, Nadia Boulanger.

Marie-Blanche once told an endearing story about Mademoiselle Boulanger who, as everyone knows, is still at eighty the world's most consecrated and influential pedagogue of music. Clothes have never been among her chief concerns. Around 1930, for conductorial appearances, she ordered chez Lanvin a *passe-partout* unprepossessing gown of severe black, expensive but no-nonsense. As this gown was still serving her active professional purposes some twenty years later,

LOOK LIKE POETS

BY NED ROREM

Marie-Blanche gently offered to have a new one made. Boulanger quickly agreed, returned to Lanvin, and asked for a copy of the very same dress—which she used for many years more.

A Frenchman spends his last pennies on a *coup de rouge,* an Italian spends his on a necktie. That same tie on the Frenchman wouldn't work, for he's let his stomach go. Clothes may make the man, if he's raw material, but clothes won't make *a* man. Only Americans persist in believing the contrary, probably because they seldom calculate in terms of "last pennies."

Taste is not necessarily related to intelligence or education, or even to art. Taste is natural implicitly, art unnatural. Fashion (which *au fond* means taste) is comfortable essentially, art painful: the difference between play and work.

Good cooks deal in taste—literally in taste buds—but make no guarantee against upset stomachs. Good art upsets *before* being tasted; ultimately it purges us—makes us feel good. If it is to our taste. Because great art may be great, yet still not to our taste. I admire Beethoven unqualifiedly, but I don't *like* him.

A dish once tasted and swallowed disappears forever. So, perhaps, does a Delacroix, a Russian play, certainly a symphony's performance. But the cooking, unlike the painting, can not remain in the memory. (Art concerns only two of the five senses: sight and sound. No art is devoted to touch, taste, or smell.) It must be repeated forever; tongues forget. Even hearts remember falsely from one moment to the next.

Painters and composers (even poets) make good cooks because they're used to mixing colours, judging volumes. Yet their cooking resembles only the palette or score sheet—it is just a preparation.

LSD, if nothing else, intensifies taste (except a taste for foods: food is out of the question). So the colour of your socks, your sweater, had better be of genuine vegetable dye; otherwise you'll tear these clothes from yourself and go naked. Naked like the poet. (The acid test: will it hold up under LSD?)

"Fashion is beauty that grows ugly, art is ugliness that grows beautiful," bravely stated Mlle. Chanel.

Yet by a third convolution, fashion emerges from art. Because fashion is the shadow of art, expensively out of date, obtrusively in the background!

In France, always less specialized than America, one sees *les grands couturiers* along with statesmen, authors, and high-ranking policemen in private centres of culture. The couturiers impose this generalized culture onto their product: they rifle not from a rival couturier but from a painter. In America the dressmaker does not steal the painter's canvas, but the painter's very clothes off his back, absconds with the superficial, blue denim, corduroy, psychedelic patterns, and charges unthinkable prices. Like a Cheshire cat the painter himself sits back, smiles at his cheap sexy pants, then opens his own boutique and, to rich ladies, vends those Emperor's New Clothes.

It has not always been so. Look at the formal busts of Bach and Handel, their wigs and lacy cuffs; they dressed like everyone else of the period. Before the Industrial Revolution an artist pertained to his society; he set the "tone" through his work, not through his public-private style. His Bohemianism developed when he was put aside as a superfluous commodity, a luxury. When the newly emerging Business Man shortened his hair, the composer let his grow longer. Socially he contradicts.

Look then at today's formal busts: the apparel of what's called Establishment resembles a rainbow (reflecting ever-so-dimly former President Truman's summer shirts) and the sexes merge through their coiffures, while Copland or Milhaud or Stravinsky never go out without a tie. The Long-Hair Composer? Now the definition holds only when hairdos are switched: Mod locks are longer than Liszt's, but the "serious" composer clips his as befits the University Professor he has become.

Poet Bill Berkson is one of the world's Best-Dressed Men, so he doesn't "look like" a poet (only the non-poets of Tompkins Square look like poets). But he *is* a poet, therefore he looks like one. But therefore he isn't . . . etc. By being, he dictates involuntarily, like a king. And only the poor can afford to be well-dressed. (Poor means conformist, Afford means frightened, Well-dressed means unmusical.)

Artists resemble royalty who, like Henry the Fifth soliciting a kiss from the recalcitrant Katharine of France, observe among themselves: "You and I can not be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion . . . and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all findfaults. We are the makers of manners."

"Fear, anger, and love": Leontyne Price and the voice that rules her

La Voce

BY MARGUERITE DURAS

She is very beautiful, as fresh as a water sprite newly risen from the waves; her marvellous skin glows dark gold, as if she had just returned from a summer in the Caribbean. She is not heavy, she is opulent. Her body has a delicacy that recalls the plumply tender flesh of a child. The moment she opens her mouth, the moment she *speaks*, you say to yourself: This body was needed in order to *enfold* this voice and, like some good and generous earth, to nourish it so that it could achieve such depth, such a miraculous velvet.

Instantly, with her very first words, her "speaking" voice heralds the other. The room resounds with unexpected, distant sonorities. Her voice flows from her body as if from a shell. You feel as if you yourself were within that seashell. When she speaks, she is already singing.

"The moment I wake up, before I've uttered a word, deep inside I feel how *it* is," she said. "If it is in its place, then I am happy." *It?* What is "it"? La Voce. Slipping into the language of Verdi, she explained, "*La voce è la felicità.*" [Voice is joy.]

When she sang in Paris last year, through the delirious applause in the overflowing Théâtre des Champs Elysées, I caught the words: "Even Callas has never sung the 'Vissi d'arte' like this!"

She also heard. She bows simply, unaffectedly. She knows. Everything there is to be said about her voice she knows; she knows that she is the trustee of a treasure, that she is at the stage in her career where, on the international opera circuit, she is Challenge Number One.

"For the last two years, I've not had to worry. My voice handles more easily than ever. It is reaching its maturity, I think."

Who is the carrier of this voice, this Leontyne Price? I believe I have understood that it is impossible to dissociate her from her voice. They are one.

So, to phrase the question differently: What is the relationship between Leontyne Price and the gift she bears? To me it seems an absolutely extraordinary relationship, compounded of fear, anger, and love.

First, the fear. For there is a kind of fear. That this fantastic gift should have come to her, the little Negro girl from Mississippi, and that she should have been called to endure this particular destiny is a frightening thing. A supremely important duty has fallen to her, the duty of carrying a most rare art to its highest peak and of bearing its message throughout the world. And to have only one life to give to this—her own.

From this comes a kind of anger. Yes, anger; I don't find any other word for it. She herself accuses la Voce: No children because of la Voce; no marriage because of la Voce; no private life because of la Voce. Everything must be given to it—all her time, all her energy, all her emotion, all her life. Everything, always, for la Voce.

"I will never be a whole woman. Each new success makes me surer of that. I know that success is what I must accept in place of a personal life. *Of all the hard things in the world to accept, this is the hardest.*"

She was silent for a moment, then added: "It would be impossible without God. Without God nothing is possible. I couldn't function without faith. It stands by me every minute of my life."

Her one refuge is the love of God. God—at once the only cause and the only refuge. Love of music, therefore love of God, therefore love of all nature. Including that forbidden land, in which she would have loved a man and listened to her children laugh.

Her faith comes to Leontyne Price, bequeathed to her by her father and mother. It is simple, absolute.

No sooner has she indicted la Voce and the infernal orbit of her life through the world capitals of opera, from Paris to Milan to Moscow to London to . . . than she remembers it was God who willed la Voce and that He must be obeyed.

When she turns to God, she returns at the same time to the mother and father back in Laurel, Mississippi. When she speaks of them—as a fifteen-year-old child might speak—one begins to glimpse the thing in her that is most clearly set apart and most sheltered from the demands of her voice. She loves her parents above all else. Curiously, it is as if whether she is happy or unhappy depended on them still. One would say she even now regrets having left that house in Laurel.

"My parents are simple people—quiet, happy people. Every time I go to see them I come back stronger."

There is no doubt about it: Her parents have become her children. The children of her own that she does not have. She wishes they could live forever. When she says that they are still well and strong, she crosses herself.

And apart from that unchanging love—what?

"I have not been bereft of love," she said. "I was married once. But I don't want to talk about that."

It—the marriage—must have been when she was playing in *Porgy and Bess* on Broadway. For this terrible—because negative—sentence, "I have not been bereft of love," bespeaks her deprivation.

(Continued on page 181)

CECIL BEATON



DRUG

By now, only the very young, the hopelessly naïve, the illiterate, and the deliberately ignorant can fail to know about the dangers of drug abuse. Everyone, however, does not know about the dangers of the amphetamines (Benzedrine) and the barbiturates (Seconal, Nembutal, Tuinal) nor that the combination of these with other drugs for more dramatic effects is extraordinarily dangerous and may be fatal. Not everyone realizes that marihuana is a hallucinogen and not a narcotic. Another of the hallucinogens is LSD, which has "an as yet unexplained sequence of sudden biochemical 'unfixing' of perceptual constancies." Of course, the big narcotics are opium and its derivatives, morphine, codeine, and heroin. (The synthetic opiates include meperidine and methadone). All these drugs affect the nervous system with a pronounced effect on emotional responses.

There are major differences between tolerance and addiction to drugs. *Tolerance* is simply: The body's ability to adapt plus the additional meaning that there is usually physical dependence requiring increased dosages to get the high. *Addiction:* A state of periodic or chronic dependence produced by the repeated consumption of a drug, involving an *overwhelming compulsion* to continue using the drug. In addition, there is drug dependence, a condition resulting from repeated consumption of the drug with little or no evidence of tolerance, but with some psychological—not physical—dependence plus desire but not compulsion.

Marihuana, pot, grass, bhang, kif—all come from the dried flower tops of the plant known as *Cannabis sativa* or Indian hemp. The power lies, however, in the resin of the *female* plants which are shorter than the male. (The male plants primarily yield fibre for hemp ropes. When hemp for ropes was a cash crop in the early days of this country, it is believed, George Washington would return to his Virginia farm for the September harvesting of his hemp.) The potency of the female resin depends, in addition, on where the *Cannabis* is grown. Middle Eastern and Mexican marihuana is far stronger than American marihuana. Only the strongest *Cannabis* gives that further development, hashish. *Note:* This weed grows all over the world.

DR. HARRIS ISBELL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY MEDICAL CENTER FOUND THAT HIGH DOSES OF TETRAHYDROCANNABINOL, THE ACTIVE INGREDIENT OF MARIHUANA, PRODUCE PSYCHOTIC SYMPTOMS, INCLUDING DELUSIONS AND HALLUCINATIONS.

Dr. Donald B. Louria, Associate Professor of Medicine, Cornell University Medical College: "There is general agreement that marihuana characteristically produces relaxation, euphoria, giddiness, heightened perceptions, talkativeness, and a mild intoxication similar in many ways to that found after ingestion of one or two shots of alcohol."

Pot smokers may experience acute panic reactions.

DR. DANA L. FARNSWORTH OF HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL: "TESTS SHOW THAT SIMPLE MOTOR ACTS ARE PERFORMED NORMALLY UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MARIHUANA BUT THAT COMPLEX ONES ARE CLEARLY IMPAIRED. . . . OBVIOUSLY, THOSE DRIVING CARS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MARIHUANA ARE POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS TO THEMSELVES AND TO OTHERS."

Heroin, an opium derivative, is an addictive sedative that among other effects gives the user a short happy feeling, allaying anxiety, dulling tension and fear. That happy feeling lasts about four hours when the user needs another fix. A heroin addict is usually lethargic, dull, absorbed in his problem of buying another fix. The price of even diluted heroin is high on the "street." Pregnant women who are addicts continue to take heroin with the knowledge that the baby will be born addicted and must undergo withdrawal treatment—harrowing even for adults.

ABUSE

BY ALLENE TALMEY

Dr. Marie E. Nyswander of Rockefeller University Hospital: "It is possible in the general hospital to circumvent addiction and rehabilitate the heroin addict by blockading the narcotic effects of heroin with a single daily dose of methadone. . . . By freeing the addict of drug hunger without producing euphoria and without escalation of dosage, methadone allows him to turn his energy to something more useful than the degrading struggle to meet a constantly growing need for opiates. . . . Although the medical procedure of maintaining a narcotic blockage is simple, it does require continuing supervision of the patients. If methadone is used properly, it acts as an antinarcotic agent. . . . On the other hand, the medication can be misused by unsupervised addicts, especially if dispensed in a form suitable for injection. . . . In the research that led to the methadone program, one of the first steps was to try to understand the addict's pharmacologic state in order to define the kind of remedy needed. Most of the time, it was found, the addict using heroin is functionally disabled. He spends a major part of the day either 'high'—that is, euphoric—or 'sick' and desperately in need of drugs, with malaise, nausea, lacrimation, sweating, tremors, and cramps."

Dr. Nyswander: "An excess of amphetamine, a stimulant, can produce severe mental illness. Some users take two or three such high-powered pills. They may give an illusion of omnipotence, an illusion of knowing what you are doing."

A pusher selling heroin frequently also sells marihuana, amphetamines, and barbiturates.

There is an important chemical difference between methadone and methedrine. The latter, called Speed, is an amphetamine known as methamphetamine and is usually injected, often unfortunately along with heroin. It can kill.

"Most amphetamines are taken as capsules or tablets, but some users dissolve the drug in water and then inject it, which may lead to an acute psychotic episode or a drug psychosis may develop with the chronic use of large doses. Symptoms include extreme hyperactivity, hallucinations, and feelings of persecution. These bizarre mental effects usually disappear after withdrawal of the drug."
Drug Abuse: Escape to Nowhere.

LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide) is the most potent of the hallucinogens. Usually it is taken orally but it may be injected. Physical dependence does not often occur. The LSD experience, however, changes perception, thought, mood, and activity. There may be no emotion or there may be tears, laughter. The experience may lead the user to a terrifying feeling of being alone, of panic, and giving way to impulsive behaviour, frequently bizarre, in public. Sometimes hallucinations have recurred weeks after the drug was taken.

Dr. James L. Goddard: "To take medically unsupervised LSD is to play chemical Russian roulette."

Dr. Louria: "LSD is a potent antagonist of serotonin . . . thought to be vital in the proper functioning of the nervous system . . . there is at present no clearly documented place for LSD in medicine or psychiatry, but in three specific areas—alcoholism, psychoneurosis, and terminal disease—the preliminary data are promising and a great deal more careful investigation should be encouraged."

Barbiturates, when used normally as prescribed by reputable doctors, are sedatives given for a variety of ills. When used by drug abusers the effect is somewhat like that of overdoses of alcohol, mainly because an overdose may easily result in a fatal depression of the breathing or heart systems. In habitual misuse of barbiturates there is both tolerance and psychological and physical dependence. In a physically dependent barbiturate abuser, abrupt withdrawal is extremely dangerous and should be done only under the supervision of a physician. Among the disastrous symptoms in barbiturate withdrawal are convulsions but, whether or not they happen, delirium and hallucinations may occur. Called goofballs, the barbiturates are sold illegally by pushers. When barbiturates and alcohol are mixed, the results may be lethal.



ALL OVER THE PLANET *Beauties Are Talking About* THESE THEORIES, NEW WAYS, NEW SYSTEMS



When "Just the way you look tonight" becomes the way you look just tonight

Trend among playgirls of the whole wide Western World: constant change of face. A thousand faces to launch the ships. Germaine Monteil has launched a beguiling fleet of them with Pick-a-Look. New makeup, new colour plots. For the girl playing here, a terra-cotta script. Two shades of Monteil's new Gold Jade eye shadow brighten the lids. . . . And Idol-Eyes false eyelashes, both upper and lower storeys. Mouth done in Gold Snow, a red subtly undertoned by gold. Gold Mint, a greige overtone. . . . The Monteil face designers saw this Pick-a-Look with all outdoors. But—we don't have to tell you—it takes sportingly here to an evening embroidered with intrigue. Lamé shirt, black velvet weskit and pants; by Deanna Littell of Enka rayon and Acele acetate. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Bagatelle belt: Henri Bendel. Robert Originals ring. Coiffure by Kenneth.

PENN

It moves like a whippet, the ***extraordinary figure*** of The Girl in Paris. She's a girl not necessarily born French. Just a girl whose lodestone is Paris, whose lodestar is *joie de vivre.* Her looks, skin, carriage, walk have given the world a new criterion of line and strength. Narrow, narrower, narrowest —neck, arms, legs, midriff. Perhaps because of the insistence of clothes since Courrèges first bared the possibilities, The Girl in Paris has *the* body. "I have never," said one semi-annual Paris observer, "seen the young girls so really soignée, whether they're in blue jeans or mini-jupes." . . . "The obsession of the woman of the moment in Europe," said a woman similarly obsessed, "is the ***tummy.*** They want to show it. Fashion, of course, has pushed them. If they don't have good legs and do have a good tummy (and most of them do—they've been working on it), they will drape something Arabic-like over their bikini to hide the legs and just take it off to sunbathe. They manage to show their tummies to a fantastic extent. The stomach has replaced the bosom as the sex symbol." . . . Even though France is known as rainy country, either a ***healthy tan*** or a ***pink glow*** colours every smiling face and willowy torso in Paris. . . . ***Skins so great*** on The Girls in Paris that makeup becomes a matter of gilding the filly; something to amuse, rather than to abuse, excuse. . . . Although The Woman in Paris is wearing ***a brighter mouth,*** The Girl in Paris still likes a nude gloss on her expressive mouth. The whitened mouth, the silvered mouth, however, has given way to warmth. . . . ***Brown, brown blushers*** still cheeking The Girls in Paris, especially the young division. . . . ***The softer eyes*** of The Girls in Paris, painted any way they please their owners, but never with hard lines. . . . Mothlike shadow from lid to brow done better in Paris than anywhere. . . . The remarkable smudge makeup of Christine of Saint Laurent, accomplished by brown pencils and eye shadows. To define her arched brow, she uses dark-brown pencil, continues the line brow to temple, lightening en route. Under the line, starting at nose near eye, dark-brown powder shadow softens as it works toward temple, ending with white powder eye shadow at temple point. No upper eyeliner, but powdered line in the crease, extending out from outer corner. . . . ***The elongated lying-down triangle:*** the triangle of (Continued on next page)



INTERNATIONAL GOSSIP

What type of girl is this?

"Type 2," a new computer would advise us, if the tawny blonde here answered as we think she would eight key questions. Fed such information, this fascinating little question-and-answer board, worked out under the guidance of dermatologists, has just started classifying skin at chic cosmetic counters. It enables trained staff attendants to prescribe to order the now-est of all skin-care programs, a facial fitness system called "Clinique." For its programming, Clinique Laboratories, whose executive offices are presided over by some of the country's liveliest cosmetic brains, convened with a covey of brilliant dermatologists; developed a collection of hypoallergenic treatments and cosmetics ready and willing to take on all known skins, the allergy-prone included. . . . Clinique has a big thing about speed (Clinique clarifying lotions, for instance, do in seconds what grandmother accomplished all afternoon under cucumbers). . . . And there's newsy stress on something called exfoliation. That's the daily removal of dead scales, a secret of many a glow-in-the-dark beauty, even if the word exfoliation has never crossed her crossword puzzle. . . . What type of girl are you? Are you exfoliating properly? The Clinique computer lies in wait to tell you now at such places as Saks Fifth Avenue. . . .

(Continued from page 141) eye shadow replacing, for The Girls in Paris, the crescent-shaped shadow. The triangle's base is drawn from inner corner of eye and brow, stretches to its point a bit above the outer corner of eye. . . . ***But the undereye, the lower lid, is where the newest action is.*** . . . It opens up the entire eye enlarging the top of the eye, so to speak. Only very fine line, if any, at upper lash. The mannequin, Bernadette Rhinehart, does this strikingly; lines her lower lid below, not inside, the lower lash. . . . ***Makeup application is the special property of The Girls in Paris. But the cosmetics are usually American. . . . The partless hair*** of The Girls in Paris, the everywhere gleam and shine of the small head. Hair whose strength and polish is at its best in Alexandre's new Georges, looped under and wrapped at the nape with one's own hair—or with taut, tiny plaits. Which see demonstrated, pages 92-93. . . . Although the fact that swimming's *l'exercise parfait* is ceasing to be news, what is stirring up the beauties' waters is the ***little swimming stroke,*** the old-fashioned breast stroke done very, very slowly. A French masseur advising his devoted clients to do this "little stroke" with a vengeance—but really, stay away from the crawl. "It's not the effort you put into it, but the continuity," is his theory. . . . Merle Oberon de Pagliai does a daily forty-five minutes of little strokes. . . . A beauty as well established in her forties as she is in the annals of Extraordinary Body and Skin is known to swim a minimum of a half hour of tiny strokes daily. A hat, white gloves, and dark glasses protect her head, hands, eyes. Only clear, clear water covers her naked swimming torso. . . . To be certain that she brushes her teeth at least three minutes, Mme. Rochas keeps ***an hourglass in her bathroom.*** While she brushes them, she exercises: three minutes'-worth of rising on toes, coming down, repeat, repeat, repeat. Orthopaedic men cite this as one of the best foot exercises. . . . When Zizi Jeanmaire moves up or down a staircase, she attacks each step with the point of the toe, then puts down her heel. The legs stand up and take notice. . . . From *Russia,* our Paragon Traveller, whose beauty capers in other Iron Curtain countries are exposed in Beauty Checkout, page 46, reported that during her investigation of Moscow and Leningrad, she lunched and dined and thrived every day on ***caviar, orange juice, and ice cream.*** "Purely from passion," she admitted. "These three items just happen to be the most delicious things to eat there." She went on to enthuse, with typical abandon, "Frankly, I never felt better. And my nails and hair grew with enormous speed." . . . A great Russian beauty with an English name and a Moscow address makes it a point to eat Black Beluga ***caviar no less than three times a week*** for its iron content as well as her own joy in it. Russian ***mineral waters*** are considered by her a pertinent factor in her great, glowing health; and ***sugar and water*** the best setting lotion for her rather remarkable crop of hair. . . . In *Italy,* Donna Ines Torlonia walks thirty minutes a day through the waves that lap Porto Roton- (Continued on page 177)



T.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRIX, HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE NETHERLANDS THRONE, AND PRINCE CLAUS, WITH THEIR JOYOUS SON, H.R.H. PRINCE WILLEM-ALEXANDER

The enchantment of Drakensteyn Castle in the Netherlands spins from the royal couple who live in this seventeenth-century octagonal Dutch house, graceful and austere, exactly circled by its moat. With presence and without fuss, quick of mind, their humour salted, Princess Beatrix and Prince Claus are realists who live a romance. The kempt, formal symmetry of Drakensteyn Castle with its flanking guest and staff houses suggests a false placidity. Peacocks, ducks, white doves, and black Australian swans roam at large. Three dogs lark about, and the days crackle around Princess Beatrix and her husband and their rapturous year-old son, the first Prince of the House of Orange since 1851.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

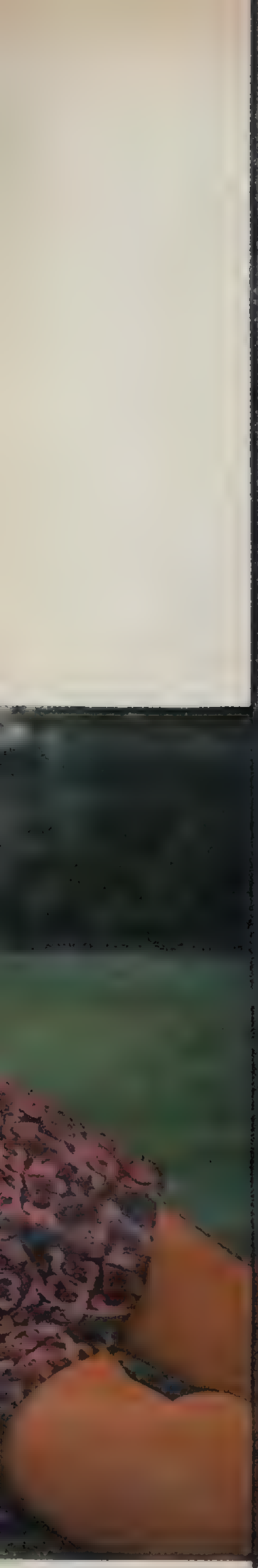
AT DRAKENSTEYN.
NETHERLANDS
CASTLE FOR
EVER-AFTERING

Suzy Kendall and turnouts of real fur, fake snake





Small, tanned, freckled and fit. English actress Suzy Kendall, seen recently in *Thirty Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia* with Dudley Moore whom she married in June . . . soon to be seen starring in Paramount's new spy flick, *The Betrayal* . . . seen here in turned-on turnouts. *Left:* The fur-banded fur turnout—short coat of Chinese marmot and Tibetan lamb side-zipped over matching short pants. By Chombert for the Minerva Collection at Evans, Chicago. Van Raalte belt. Kickerino boots. *Above:* Suzy Kendall and snake in the grass—a little weskit and dirndl of black fake cobra smouldering with red-beaded embroidery, and a flashy billow-sleeved gypsy shirt. Weskit and dirndl of Comark vinyl, Aristocrat embroidery. About $180. Shirt of printed metallic matelassé. Necklaces by Richelieu, Regina. Hanes tights. *Right:* Silvery nailheads studding a fake-snake weskit and the high wide waistband of a matching dirndl; turned out with an emerald-plaid shirt. Weskit and dirndl of Comark vinyl. About $200. Shirt of acetate, Rexor, acrylic, and nylon (Claude Loewenstein fabric). Both weskit turnouts by Edie Gladstone for Deebs. To order at Henri Bendel; Julius Garfinckel; Joske's, Houston. Both shirts by Sarff-Zumpano, at I. Miller Galleria; Neiman-Marcus. All coiffures: Celine of Leonard's.



HELMUT NEWTON

AMERICAN



MINK—SUNNY
AND SHORT
OVER FUR PANTS

FASHION

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYONE

All to the good—the kind of news in American fashion that's all around us now. Clothes that swing right into American life, and make it brighter and better than ever. And easier—no hang-ups about one length, one shape (note the new mink thinking on these pages: a short and bright, a long and pale—both marvellous). Read on for news of capes and cobras, wider pants, collars, colours, muffs. For the shimmering things of evening. For velvet. Get ready for the good news. It's here. For everyone. . . .

Left: Yellow mink over fur pants, a flurry of brilliance for a short jacket, gilt-buttoned at the side closing and cuffs. A smash over straight pants of black Russian broadtail lamb. Both, made to order by Maximilian; jacket, yellow-dyed. Charles Elkaim earrings; at Lord & Taylor. Rings: Napier, Laguna, Jack Gilbert. Handbag by Janis Barden; at Henri Bendel. Lipstick: Polly Bergen's Moisture Blend, the shade called Amber. Coiffure: Suga of Kenneth.

Right: Pale mink in a length about twelve inches from the floor, all else lifted—high-standing collar, high pockets. Of "Desert Gold," Emba natural light-brown mink. An Emeric Partos design, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Robert Originals earrings: Bergdorf Goodman. Glentex scarf. Sunglasses by Bernard Kayman. Coiffure by Alan of Kenneth.

MINK—FAWN-COLOURED, NINE-TENTHS LONG

PENN

AMERICAN FASHION— GOOD NEWS



SCALLOPS ON A SHORT WIDE HEM, ON SLEEVES

The pretty purity of white, *above*, all shape and scallops, with sleeves that taper to width at the wrists, the simplest rounded neckline, a swirl of short skirt. We added golden touches—a stone-set belt, stockings, shoes. Dress by Teal Traina, of silk and worsted; about $160. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Montaldo's; Frost Bros. Marvella earrings. K. J. L. belt. Round-the-Clock pantie stockings. Evelyn Schless shoes. *Opposite:* marvellous night theatre—brocade of pale shades threaded with gold, short jacket banded in glitter, the skirt of a long dress with high waist and satin belt. The sleeveless dress-top, of violet satin. By Sarmi, of acetate, polyamide, and Lurex (Kandelaft fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. Mimi di N earrings. Maximilian white fox muff. On both pages: coiffures by Alan of Kenneth.

FOR EVENINGS



GLEAMY BROCADE—
LITTLE JACKET,
LONG SKIRT,
SATIN BETWEEN

PENN

AMERICAN FASHION— GOOD



BRETON-SHAWL
COLLAR ON SHORT
BLACK VELVET

NEWS FOR EVENING



Left: White organdie collar like a Breton fishwife's, crossed in front, buttoned in back, on a black velvet dress with short full skirt. By Jane Justin for Don Sophisticates; cotton-and-rayon velvet; about $60, in junior sizes. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Charles Elkaim earrings; at Lord & Taylor. Rings by Marvella, Napier, Accessocraft. Coiffure by Suga of Kenneth. *Above:* Tiny pin-tucks for the top and sleeves of a long white silk crêpe dress with long ruffled sleeves, a narrow slit buttoned down to a high waist and a gathered skirt. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Trifari earrings. Bracelets by de Cremieux for Albert Weiss. Shoes by Evelyn Schless. Evening news: the big pillowy muff of chinchilla; by Maximilian. Coiffure: Kenneth. *Right:* Crossed straps, ring-bound to a long dress of black wool with a high waist, gathered skirt, narrow shape. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Fabric by The Rings. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's. Michael Hic earrings. Margaret Jerrold shoes. Maximilian muff of chinchilla. The coiffure by Suga of Kenneth.



WHITE CRÊPE, SLIT, BUTTONED OVER BARENESS... X-TOP, ATTACHED BY RINGS TO BLACK WOOL

PENN

AMERICAN FASHION— GOOD NEWS

BELTED SUIT,
PLEATS
FOR ACTION



PENN

FOR TWEED

Left: A great American suit-shape in taupe-and-grey plaid —belted jacket, a skirt widened by unpressed pleats. A Chantal wool tweed, by Davidow; about $200. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Napier earrings. Schaffer belt, added. Bruce Rudow handstrap: Henri Bendel. Adler knee socks. Coiffure by Suga of Kenneth. *Right:* The longer coat with a small top and high belt, over loose-legged pants. Over the collarless neckline—a fringed scarf, at length. All, rusty wool tweed. Blouse: Paisley wool tweed. By Oscar de La Renta; Anglo wool, loomed in America. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Bruce Rudow handstrap. Kenneth coiffure.

LONGER COAT,
WIDER PANTS,
YARDS OF SCARF



AMERICAN FASHION—GOOD COAT



CAPE-SHAPED
COAT, A WHIRL
OF WHIPCORD

AND SUIT NEWS

Opposite: A great swing of a coat with cape-like back, double-breasted front, raglan shoulders. By Originala, of bright navy-blue wool whipcord (Anglo fabric); loomed in America. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Gidding-Jenny; L. S. Ayres. Marvella earrings. Coiffure by Suga of Kenneth. *Below:* The jumper and its jacket, both black wool Melton cloth with welt-seams. Plus for this: the look of a turtleneck—here, white knitted silk. All by Originala, loomed in America. At Lord & Taylor; Filene's; Rich's. Hat by Adolfo. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Bagatelle bag. Coiffure: Alan of Kenneth. *Right:* Brisk-action black coat, shaped to the waist with a lizard belt, tabs buttoned over; lizard buttons; a skirt flared for motion with panels of pleats. By Originala, of black wool twill, loomed in America. At Altman's; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; Woolf Brothers. Charles Elkaim earrings. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Latinas shoulder bag. Coiffure by Suga of Kenneth.



THE BLACK JUMPER SUIT PLUS TURTLENECK

BLACK BELTED COAT IN TWILL, FLARE OF PANEL PLEATS

PENN

AMERICAN FUR—BLACK SEAL BRIGHT

BLACK SEAL,
WHITE STOCK AND
WHITE PANTS

WITH WHITE



Left: Black seal, its shining rich depth more marvellous than ever in this season's rush to black, shines here in a brass-glinted reefer; a fresh stock of white tucks inside the wide notched revers. By Valerie Furs; Fouke-dyed Alaska fur seal. S. J. Glaser; Jandel Furs, Washington, D.C.; Hoffman Morton, Chicago; Furs by Lipsey, Beverly Hills. Pants: Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants. Cadoro earrings: Bloomingdale's, Mimi di N pin. Echo scarf: Altman's. Mademoiselle shoes: Lord & Taylor. *Above:* Belted mid-calf coat taking a good long look at the days ahead, the waist nipped high, wide, and handsome with a jewelled chain-link belt. By Sidney Lambert; Fouke-dyed Alaska fur seal. Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; Edwards-Lowell, Beverly Hills. Mimi di N earrings, at Lord & Taylor. K. J. L. belt and ring. Boots by Herbert Levine. *Right:* Sleek, snug little coat flashing black-and-white leather at collar, cuffs, buttons, and belt—with all the military polish of dress-parade. Made to order by Maximilian, in Fouke-dyed Alaska fur seal (we added the belt). Charles Elkaim earrings, Van Raalte tights, Margaret Jerrold shoes: all, Henri Bendel. Coiffures, both pages, by François of Kenneth.

BLACK SEAL,
WHITE STOCK-SHIRT.
BLACK SEAL.
WHITE LEATHER

AMERICAN FUR— THE SEAL COAT

BLACK SEAL,
WHITE MINK AND
WHITE LEATHER

BRIGHT WITH WHITE



Left: Black seal kimono wrapping just like a bathrobe—white mink along the edges, white leather about the waist. Coat by Jean Louis, in Fouke-dyed Alaska fur seal and white-dyed mink. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. William de Lillo earrings at Lord & Taylor. Marvella necklaces and rings, at Best & Co. Calderon leather belt. Prestige tights, at Andrew Geller. Shoes by Christian Dior. *Above:* Black seal mid-calf coat stepping briskly across military lines—a row of guardsman's buttons from throat-band to white leather belt. By Laurence Kaye, in Fouke-dyed Alaska fur seal (we added the belt). Holt Renfrew of Canada. Adolfo hat, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Napped Corfam boots by David Evins, to order: I. Miller. *Right:* Brown seal short coat worked with jersey's ease—from tab-belted bodice to wide panel pleat. By Schwartz & Kreinig in Fouke-dyed Matara Alaska fur seal. S. J. Glaser; Phil. M. Stupp, Philadelphia; Carl Herrmann, Pittsburgh; e. c. Boughton, Milwaukee. Corduroy pants by Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants. Napier earrings. Echo scarf, at Altman's. Elegant belt: Franklin Simon. Mademoiselle shoes: Lord & Taylor. Coiffures: François of Kenneth.

BLACK SEAL,
WHITE LEATHER....
BROWN SEAL,
WHITE CORDUROY

ALEXIS WALDECK

AMERICAN NEWS FOR LITTLE EVENINGS



Left: A flick of tassels over the shoulder and around the longer hem—grey worsted jersey wound romantically high with a huge pink satin sash. Dinner dress by Pattullo-Jo Copeland, in Jasco jersey knitted in America. K. J. L. bracelet. Mimi di N pin. All, at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Harzfeld's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Castlecliff earrings. Tights by Bewitching. Shoes by Andrew Geller. *Right:* Black wool knit frilled with Cavalier lace—at throat, wrist, gartered knee. Britches and jacket by Gino Paoli. About $155. Napier ring. All, at Best & Co. Suit, also Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer. Emily Wetherby collar and cuffs. Knee socks designed for Bonnie Doon by Kenneth J. Lane. Charles Jourdan shoes. *Far right:* Fringed white linen and a striped shoulder-belt across the jacket add princely dash to little dinner britches in brown wool knit. Double-breasted suit by Andiamo. About $150. Best & Co. Latinas shoulder-belt bag. Weber shirt. Beautiful Bryans tights. Shoes by Golo. Coiffures on both pages, by Alan of Kenneth.

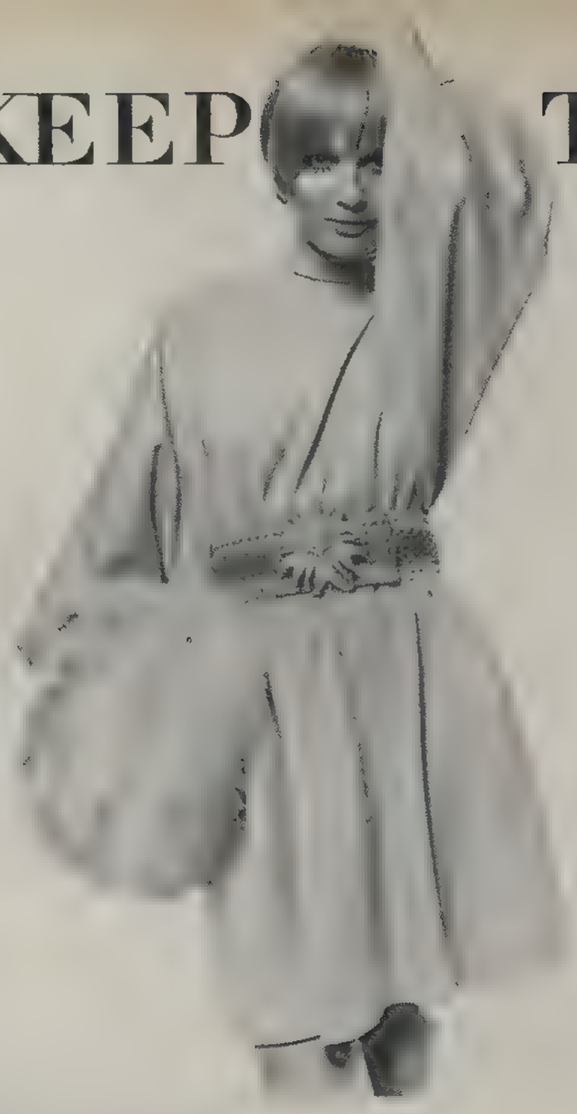
WOOL KNIT
TASSELLING TO
MID-CALF

BERT STERN

WOOL KNIT
DINNER BRITCHES.
RUFFLES AND LACE

AMERICAN DRESSES KEEP THE





BELTS ARE BIG
ON LONG-SLEEVED
LITTLE KNITS

BERT STERN

NEWS GOOD AND SHORT



Far left: Little white dress, whopping black belt—wool knit scoots down from a high gathered yoke, patch pockets along the way. A woolmark dress by Rona. About $50. At Peck & Peck; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Napier earrings. Leather belt by Garay. Belt jewel by Calabro for Palacio. Tights by Round-the-Clock. *Above left:* Great any way you look at it—beige jersey flowing to full sleeves, full skirt; all the greater for a jewelled belt and big lynx muff. Dress by Claret; Dacron and worsted (Quorum fabric). About $75. Best & Co.; Himelhoch's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Belt by Calderon. Mimi di N belt jewel. Muff by Reiss & Fabrizio. *Below:* Tiny plaid, tiny dress—belted paprika-and-spicy-green wool just on the fringe of a kilt. Short-sleeved dress by Jamison, in Hanora wool loomed in America. About $70. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Lou Lattimore. Napier earrings. K. J. L. bracelet. Calderon belt. Roger Van S belt jewel. Bewitching stockings. *Right:* Little-girl smocking runs round and round beneath white satin collar and cuffs—on a dirndl spin of grey cashmere and wool belted with a wide round of white. By Chester Weinberg, in Agnona fabric. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. K. J. L. earrings. Cadoro bracelets. Elegant belt. Bewitching stockings. Coiffures by Alan of Kenneth.



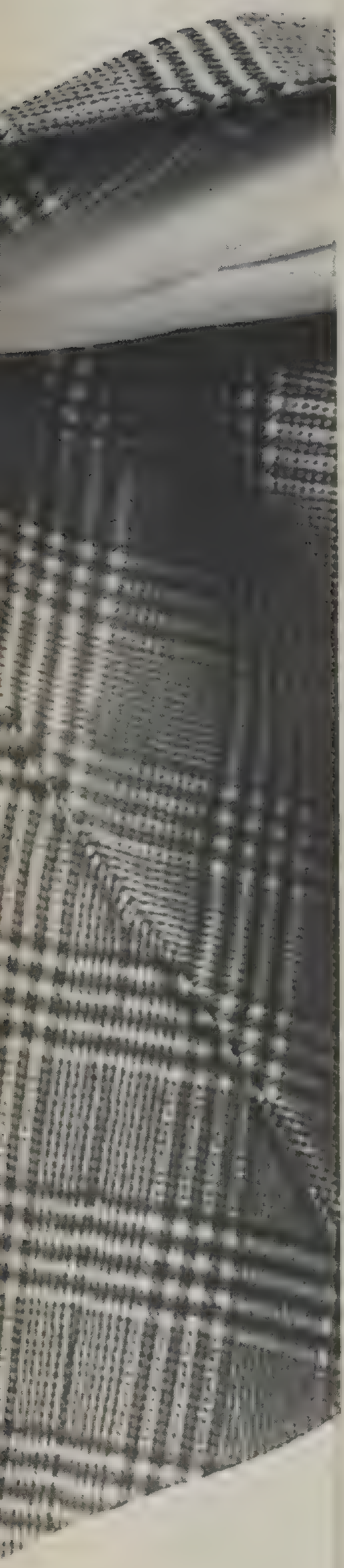
BELTS ARE BIG ON SMALL PLAID. SMOCKED WOOL

AMERICAN PLAIDS—BIG NEWS



REVERSIBLE
CAPE

FOR EVERYONE



Left: Double-faced wool in full swing over long-sleeved jersey, short hair-seal skirt—the Prince of Wales plaid circles out loud and clear, black panes reversing to brown with terrific turncape speed. Turnout by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, in Orceyre wool plaid and Jasco worsted jersey. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Charles Elkaim. Chains by Castlecliff, Capri, and House of Joy. Rings by Bruce Rudow, Napier, and Accessocraft. Stockings by Bewitching. *Right:* The freshest snap of autumn colour to hit any hillside or street—wool plaid buttoning off to one side and kilting out to each, beneath a wide-swung leather belt. Coatdress by Rondina-Manzo; Pomezia wool. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Napier earrings. Danskin tights. Both coiffures by Alan of Kenneth.

PANEL-PLEAT
COATDRESS

BERT STERN



"ALL PROMISE AND SURPRISE"

Text and photographs by CECIL BEATON, left, who records on these six pages the shifting pleasures of his gardens in Wiltshire, England.

A garden is always the unexpected. It is never the same. Surprises, if not always delights, greet each encounter. A clump of wild hellebores has sown itself under a yew tree. A magnolia has overnight given up the fight for life. The moonlight through the winter trees suddenly creates an Art Nouveau pattern on the lawn. The frost transforms the veined, thick, furry leaves of the primula. The rain veils everything in a Debussy-like romanticism. The sturdy grey twigs of an old apple sprout unexpected delicate cups of pink and white like china. Daisies crop up in unimagined places. The signs of spring accepted. The bees, for a hundred and sixty years hibernating in the nursery chimney stack, are busy on the terrace bend-

ing the fronds of nepeta; and the setting sun backlights the spider's web, the clematis, the rosemary, and the first yellow roses ('Gloire de Dijon') of summer.

With gradual and imperceptible inevitability, the seasons change. But the changes are not only the doings of nature. Some are man-made. For personal taste in the garden is as variable as is any form of personal expression. No two gardens are alike; the individual taste is readily recognizable.

Yet, though perhaps one does not like to admit it, even the most serious horticulturist is influenced by fashion. One has only to look at old photographs to see how gardens have changed in the (Continued on page 178)

Cecil Beaton: "The winter garden, above, becomes a jungle in winter, almost overpoweringly scented with jasmine. The morning glories behind me, far left, grow from seeds bought in New York. Reddish House, right, was built in 1662. As I'm an impatient gardener, it's my good fortune that the topiary planting is over a hundred years old."





CECIL BEATON

Cecil Beaton: "The still life, above, is redolent with early summer abundance. I like gardens compartmented, like the cutting garden, left, into different rooms." On the following two pages, views of the gardens at Reddish, in the low yellow evening light of high summer, and in an orchard with "a Pre-Raphaelite carpet of wild flowers."





VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Saint Laurent is here!! In New York!!

At last! the first U. S. outpost of Saint Laurent's Rive Gauche boutique is here. And it's got his super pants, and suèdes—sported here by some super girls—





JACK ROBINSON

Chris Calloway, left, daughter of the famous Cab—and a super dynamite personality. What's she doing on Brooklyn Bridge? "Who knows? It's where the photographer put me. But I *adore* my Saint Laurent pants!" They're black satin-back crêpe, the pants cuffed with swinging fringe. About $135. Saint Laurent, 855 Madison Avenue. . . .



Paula Prentiss, above, looking like the luscious movie-television star that she is, waving hello from the depths of Central Park in her sensational Saint Laurent shift. Made of the softest, velvety, sooty-black suède, the V'd hemline fringed. $300. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, 855 Madison Avenue. . . .



Tina Barney, above, whipping along Park Avenue in *the* great everyday look—well-cut pants turnout in russet wool jersey. $165.

Nerida, right, in front of the New Valhalla, her three-quarter coat of heathery, Scottish-y plaid. About $215. Both Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, 855 Madison Avenue.





Justine Cushing, right, swinging along by the United Nations, her neat jersey tunic and culotte turnout, the same auburn shade as her waving locks. Turnout, about $175, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, 855 Madison Avenue. . . .

←

Diana Ross, left, the gorgeous, the star of The Supremes, cutting up in Grand Central Station in Saint Laurent's slithery black chiffon velvet pants and tunic top. About $185, from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, 855 Madison Avenue. . . .

Coiffures for Miss Ross and Miss Prentiss by Guy of the Kenneth Salon.

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Adolfo—the New York ladies' man



It started as a sideline with the famous hat man Adolfo—just a weskit, a skirt, a shirt—for a special, pretty customer. . . . But Adolfo's boutique has ballooned into big fashion—it's where to find some of the best clothes around. . . .





Marcy Casterline (above and left) looking absolutely scrumptious in Adolfo's black velvet Cavalier hat. $100. And his superb black Melton officer's coat, $235. Adolfo makes his clothes to measure at his boutique, 22 E. 56th Street. But they're all sold at Saks Fifth Avenues across the country, too.

Adolfo, above, and one of his special, favourite customers, ***Chessy Rayner,*** deciding about his pouffy harem pantaloons. Mrs. Rayner had hers made in black-and-white striped taffeta, the vest and ceinture in tapestry-woven silk. Pantaloons, $160, Vest, about $75.

Mrs. Rayner, right, experimenting with one of Adolfo's fur get-ups. A three-quarter skirt and weskit. $925. Beret $195.

It's the shape and the cut—as well as the chic—that's so right about Adolfo's boutique goodies. ***Mica Ertegun,*** far right, and Adolfo decide on just the right length for a sleeveless weskit-tunic; black wool lined in black astrakhan. $375. Adolfo boutique, 22 E. 56th Street. . . .

JACK ROBINSON

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Why's a beauty?

Why's a beauty? . . . And who's the fellow who's helping her turn beautiful lately? The Y, perhaps, that starts the name of Yves Saint Laurent, a "Y" sometimes pronounced, as in French, ee-grec. Now covering the bodyfront, as well as the more backward regions, with an after-bath blandishment: "Foam Y" is a current event in scent. . . . If his Parfum "Y" was captivating so many well-seasoned noses with small dabs at the pulse-points, why not give it a vehicle to slip it all over beautiful bodies, Yves Saint Laurent reasoned. And he thereupon took action that resulted in "Foam Y," a memorable downy froth that disappears instantly into the skin, surfaces with the message of cypress, jasmine, rose-of-Bulgaria. With developments like this, small wonder the Saint's halo smells so well. . . . And why not?

When a woman refuses to change her mind

If a woman has a right to change her mind, it certainly follows that she has every right to change her perfume mood. Lots do, and effectively. But . . . some find their own message in one scent, become quite proprietary about it. One fragrance that seems to acquire rather fanatical devotion is Calèche from the House of Hermès, which has commanded loyal patronage for a couple of centuries with superb silks and leathers and the like. Now the resources of Calèche followers have been expanded. Hermès has put some super silk in a light Dusting Powder, added it to their bath division which already consists of bath oil and eau de toilette. The new Calèche after-bath habit encased in an elegant, moisture-proof box, nice to make a habit of. . . .

Good pickings for the water world

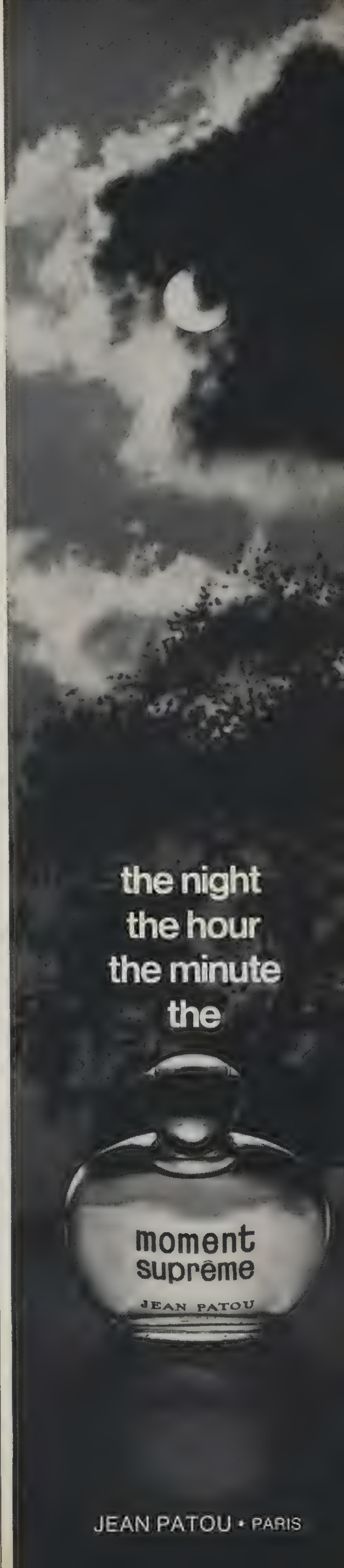
Little crates of soap-lemons and oranges nestled in green tissue can be so deceptive that one bath-shop devotée thought she'd wandered into Fancy Foods. Further inspection proved her half-right. These are the fanciest, freshest fruit grown in England's orchards. Not recommended for eating. Highly recommended for hand washing, for bathing. The people at Bronnley have been about the business of making soaps for a long time now. Which only means they are craftsmen. It shows in the delicacies they turn out: soap lemons loved for their bright colour, their crisp, fresh scent; and now, oranges and avocados take their places on the soap stand. So deliciously, one almost wishes they *were* edible. A lot of good picking in this orchard.

Beauty Bulletin

(Continued from page 143)

do beach to keep her ankles thin. . . . On her speedboat, Princess Ira Fürstenberg carries ***an atomizer of Évian water*** to spray Aegean salt from her face. . . . Princess Luciana Pignatelli has taken lately to dabbing ***icy milk*** on her face before going to bed. "It seems to pacify my skin." . . . In *Spain,* that genius called Pertegaz has designed ***a new perfume, Diagonal,*** that has a cool, reserved, floral slant —somewhat like the women of Barcelona, for whose main street it's named. *'Dee-ag-on-al'* cuts through the city, where at the moment, you'd be hard put to find a beauty with a curl in her hair. Skinny eyebrows, upper and lower lashes, and an exquisite minimum of costume decoration are the order of the day here. . . . In the *U.S.A.,* the beauties will be talking about the autumn improvements in the look improvers. ***Blusher taking to gel shape,*** the better to meld with the skin. Not only boning up the cheeks, but slithering the wholesome look over blushable chins, foreheads. It's hypoallergenic, and part of the unique Clinique skin system, reported page 143. . . . ***Double-duty mascara,*** a creamy wand developed by Evelyn Marshall to do equally well by false and real eyelashes, to respect the sensitive eye. Helps blend true and false together; too much has built up on the false lashes, soap shampoos it out. . . . ***Two miles'-worth jogging for one.*** American Machine & Foundry tells us that a one-mile jog dressed in their new Tone-O-Matic belt equals a two-mile trot without it. It's eight pounds of buckshot done up in white vinyl, and its principle is that, whether you're jogging or strolling, it forces into action otherwise inactive midriff muscles. . . . ***Reducing with lollypops,*** one of the lighter theories of a new Doubleday book by Sonja Eiteljorg: *The Sweet Way To Diet.* Beyond the candy, it's full of some very sound advice, such as this for weight loss: "It's better to give a massage than receive one." . . . ***The young head's hair-cutter,*** Louis Guy D' of New York

(Continued on page 182)

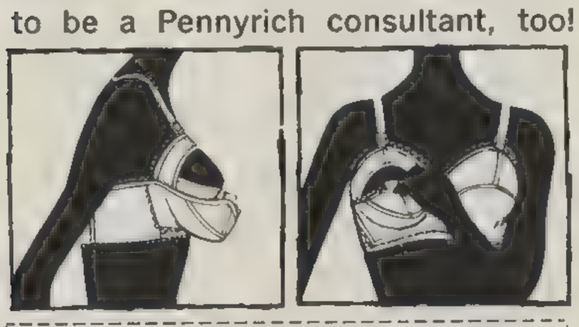




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That means a PERFECT FIT for every figure! Sizes 28 to 46 and Cups A to GG. Imagine! Penny Rich designed and patented this bra with an encircling Banderin and a suspension principle that makes it so comfortable *you'll never know you're wearing it!* ■ It can't dig in, there's no strap strain. Large busts, even pendulous busts, are uplifted and youthfulized by the Banderin, not the strap. Small busts appear larger, with no padding. ■ The Pennyrich Bra also gives comfort and confidence to the amputee because the bra will *not* ride up. The Pennyrich Star form gives a normal contoured appearance! ■ Fitted in your home by an expert, in Dacron with cotton or nylon lace, $6.95 to $16.95. Write us if you would like to be a Pennyrich consultant, too!



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Also in Canada. Check Yellow Pages or Information for consultant.

Beaton's Garden

(Continued from page 169)

last years. Perhaps from necessity, parterres with elaborately clipped edging have been discarded. The minimum of bedding-out is done and rambler roses, once such a prerequisite on pergolas and on umbrellas, are banished with the salvia and the calceolarias.

No doubt for future garden historians the sixties will be known as the grey period. The taste for senecio, santolina, artichoke, acanthus, curry plant, lamb's-tongue is perhaps already overdone. Although I admire the haphazard jumble of spring colour outside many cottages and the blaze of marigolds, asters, and gladioli in some small railway station garden. I share the trend towards the quieter harmonies—the variegated greens, from darkest to lily-of-the-valley-leaf, the greys, the colours of opals, of buff, limpid yellow, flesh pink, and paper white.

Each year I find myself reorganizing the colours in my garden, and lately I try to keep the pale and cool colours in the greatest proportion. Banished are my more strident godetias, gaillardias, asters, and stocks.

If some enthusiast boasts the horticulturist's cliché that he has "a lot of colour" in the garden, I feel like asking, "Yes, but what sort of colour?" For too few gardeners realize that borders must be planted with as much care as painters treat their palettes. In an herbaceous border there is nothing uglier than to see blue delphiniums within range of orange daisies or puce stocks.

All such modern roses as strident 'Cerise' and 'Rosemary Rose' are my particular enemies. I dislike the scarlet 'Tropicana' almost as much as the shaded yellow and vermilion roses with pointed petals and very little smell. In fact, all the latest retina-irritant Day-Glo roses are unwelcome within my gates. I like to see patches of poppies and tubs of scarlet geraniums against a setting of green, if they are kept to isolated parts.

Tastes and emphasis of interest in the garden are ever changing. I remember, when I first came to live on the Wiltshire Downs, being told by an elder that trees and shrubs were the most important element and that flowers were of transient interest. Obediently I planted a small grove of lilac. Only recently have I fully realized the wisdom of that advice, and wish I had planted fifteen years ago instead of this springtime the seventy flowering fruit trees with which I hope to build a Little Japan on the rising paddock overlooking my garden.

Perhaps this new inclination towards trees has induced me to do away with as much bedding-out as possible, covering former beds with turf or paving. That, and the fact that the line of elms casts shadows, is no doubt why I have abandoned the large rose garden. At one time these formal, symmetrical beds, carpeted with white violas, were filled with yellow or white roses; somehow the effect was never as I had hoped. Even when this little garden became all white, it was as unromantic as a municipal garden.

Suddenly I scrapped it all. Apple trees were planted, and in the long grass were scattered dozens of packets of Vilmorin's *Bouquet des Fleurs des Champs*. The result is a haze of cornflowers, daisies, and every sort of poppy, frilly-edged, striped. With its background of old yew trees the orchard has now become my favourite place.

My recent distaste for bedding-out also makes less work for Smallpeice, my hardworking, talented, and delightful gardener, and his helpful wife. Formerly, we seemed always to be waiting for the annuals to be taken up or put in. Large empty patches of earth faced us for weeks on end. Rather than renew the beds with spring and summer plants I now prefer to pave over the beds, leaving an occasional square for a large clump of hibiscus, rosemary, or lavender.

My latest interest is in garden "flooring." Wherever possible I intend to get rid of unnecessary beds or paths of gravel (the small stones are apt to fly into the mower) and replace them with paving, pebble, or old brick.

Reddish, my small property in Wiltshire, comprises about fifteen acres, bounded on the north side by an avenue of trees, on the south by the River Ebble, where the trout were considered by Charles II to be the biggest, most tender, and of the best flavour. The main features of the place are topiary yews, the lawns, and the roses.

Situated on hard, rock-like chalk, the roses must continually be renewed, though the climbers seem to enjoy longevity. My preferred roses are the Hybrid Teas —'Madame Abel Chatenay,' 'Gloire de Dijon,' 'Lady Sylvia,' and 'La France'—for they possess a ball-like fullness and a scent that takes me back to childhood. Since they often show an eventual aversion to chalk, we are now training climbing varieties of these roses to wind themselves, sewing-machine fashion, in and out of trellis-covered tables.

At the west extremity lies the kitchen garden, bounded by a typically Wiltshire wall of chalk, roofed with thatch. I was fortunate enough to fall heir to a nut walk, herbaceous borders, paths bordered with box edging.

I like gardens that are compartmented off into various rooms. Reddish now has its bordered orchard, peony garden, and lavender plot. The winter garden is a particular joy: Even during the coldest months it is a tropical jungle of green interlocking garlands and hanging tendrils. The jasmine, stephanotis, passion flower, and plumbago blossom surprisingly early, and even tuberoses give forth the scent that takes one back to the evening stillness of Venice.

In the summer with the doors wide open, the winter garden becomes a vestibule to the upsloping lawns and the Little Ja-

(Continued on page 181)

All over America Women are reporting amazing gains on their Bustlines

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Margaret Pearson before
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Win a job on Vogue... enter the Prix de Paris

Vogue's Prix de Paris is a career competition for college seniors, class of '69.

First Prize: a year on Vogue as a Junior Editor, plus a trip to Paris with Vogue Editors covering the Paris Collections.

Second Prize: six months on Vogue as a Junior Editor.

Honourable Mentions: for ten runners-up, $50 U. S. Savings Bonds and top consideration for jobs on Vogue as well as other Condé Nast magazines.

Prix de Paris Rules

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1968-1969, but prior to September 1969, and must receive the Bachelor of Arts degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must submit the following enrollment details by October 21, 1968: name, college, address at college, home address, date of graduation, degree.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six-months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 28th Prix de Paris consists of a quiz to be answered by all contestants, and a thesis which those who pass the quiz will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by December 16, 1968.

6. Quiz and thesis will require answers to questions on fashion and beauty, and on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The quiz appears here. Answers are due on October 21, 1968. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the January 1, 1969 issue of Vogue. The thesis will be due on February 3, 1969. Although questions in the quiz and thesis are editorial in nature and are based in part on material in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on 8½ by 11 inch paper. Your name, plus the quiz question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. Please number each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc., and will not be returned. (Entrants are urged to keep copies of all material submitted.)

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting winners. Winners of Vogue's 28th Prix de Paris will be notified by April 14, 1969.

Prix de Paris Quiz

Answer ALL questions in this section.

1. Write a profile of yourself. (500 words or less)

2. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera. If you think it relevant, name specific products used. (400 words or less)

3. Describe three things in your present wardrobe that you love to own, love to wear. Then choose three fashions shown in August 1 Vogue that you would urge next year's seniors to own and wear; state briefly the reasons for your choices. (200 words or less)

Answer THREE questions in this section.

4. Select three names you think would be right for the full-page photograph and caption for Vogue's "People Are Talking About..." feature. Write appropriate captions explaining who each person is, why he or she is of current interest. (300 words or less)

5. What person in public life, or in your own private circle of friends, has had the greatest influence on your fashion point of view? Explain why and how. (300 words or less)

6. In each issue, Vogue turns an editorial "Spotlight" on some of the following fields: Books, Movies, Theatre, Television, Art, Pop Music, The Underground, Money, Education. Write your own column of timely commentary on one of these topics. (500 words or less)

7. You are a copywriter assigned to prepare a fashion advertisement for a store to run in its local newspaper. Select any fashion from the editorial pages of August 1 Vogue as the one to be advertised, and designate the page on which it appears. Write a headline for the advertisement and appropriate copy.

Your quiz and enrollment are due on October 21, 1968 at the latest. Please send them to:

Prix de Paris Director, Vogue,
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10017

Beaton's Garden

(Continued from page 178)

pan recently created in the paddock. Here, all the multicolours of the flowers too vivid to look good in the rest of the garden are welcomed, and here in late summer the gardener trains the morning glories (their seeds, from New York) in an elaborate cat's-cradle or trapeze display to the bamboo trellis-roof.

With its Tissot-like decorations of blue and white cotton-covered wicker chairs (mostly from New York's Saratoga Springs), the scarlet geraniums in hanging baskets, and the Chinese tub seats, this would have been a superb place for Princesse Mathilde Bonaparte to entertain the Goncourt brothers about 1870. For me, particularly in winter, when the neighbourhood is partridge-coloured, this conservatory is an oasis, smelling of pampered, nurtured growth, resonant with the soothing trickle of the pool, that transports one into a different world.

NOTE: After he had written this article about his everchanging garden, Mr. Beaton, whose new beautiful book of photographs chosen with the care of matched pearls, *The Best of Beaton,* will be published this month by Macmillan, watched summer once more. He wrote in a letter these additional notes: "Now suddenly the most brilliant hot sunshine has brought out the best of everything in the countryside. . . . The garden was open to the public on Sunday and the gardener and his wife were wreathed in smiles, children rolling naked down the lawns, and the roses at their recovered best. The 'improvements' have come into their own.

"Nothing can compare with this evening. I went up into Little Japan high overlooking my garden, and while the last light has been fading, I have been writing —when I could stop myself from being utterly amazed at the idyllic scene before me: hot, rising mist; chestnut hills all laid out with corn stooks; homing birds; garlands of roses, and to cap it all a new crescent moon."

La Voce

(Continued from page 136)

In 1954, at Carnegie Hall, when Herbert von Karajan heard her "Pace, pace, mio Dio," he immediately engaged her for the Vienna Opera. In 1961, at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, when the public gave her a forty-two-minute ovation at the end of *Il Trovatore,* her dazzling ordeal commenced. Since then she has had to deal with only one partner, faceless and nameless, who adores her, holding her close in a jealous embrace—the public.

"It's a great challenge. It's a great thing—the public. But there's no question that because of it I've given up other very important things."

She does not say which.

She has no vanity. She possesses the simplicity one finds in the truly great. The acceptance, for better or for worse, of the self.

"I am American and black. I represent my race and my country. I must always be better so that I can represent them better."

The papers say she is as beautiful today as she was seven years ago, when she made her début at the Metropolitan in *Il Trovatore.* "Miraculously unchanged," they say. Why?

Suddenly I understand why. This is a young forty-year-old girl who stands before me.

Dressed in discreet black. A necklace of pearls. A pin clipped above the heart. Is she twenty . . . thirty, at most? No, no. She just celebrated her forty-first birthday. This is possible. But as to feelings, her inner youthfulness is intact. That is what one sees above all else. La Voce and the extraordinary care that she had to take of it ever since she was at the age to play with dolls have sheltered her from all usury of the heart. When she laughs—and within her there is gaiety, too, poised to take wing—then her youth bursts forth, heart-rending and superb.

—TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE

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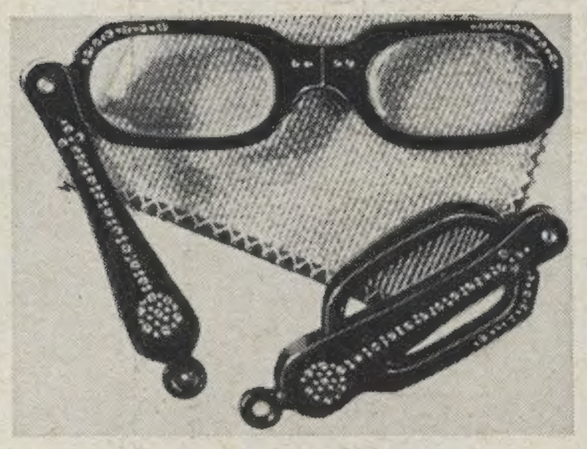


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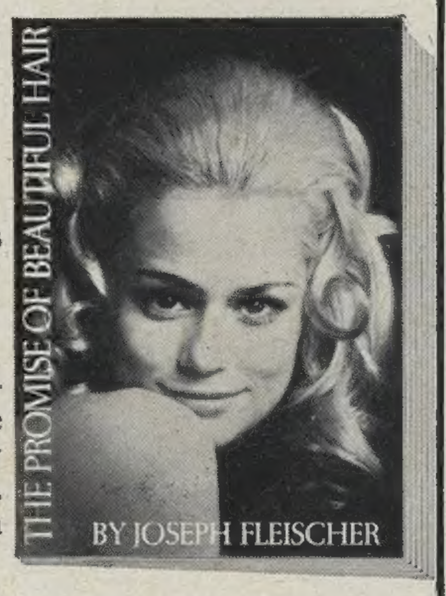
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Beauty Bulletin

(Continued from page 177)

"who really understands young hair, won't take a client mentally over thirty." Mentally-over-thirty, we discovered, means in Louis's case the woman who won't change her hairstyle, needs a set a week. Louis cuts his young patrons' hair in such a way he and they might not necessarily meet again for a couple of months. His latest colouring system, a gentle face-framing enlightenment, gives a woman timid about lightening her hair the chance to brighten it cautiously—for $5. . . . In England, The Girl in London, Mary Quant, launching ***makeup based on eye colour.*** With blue eyes: a navy-blue liner, blue gloss on the lid, a dark-blue curve in the shadow, navy eyelashes. With brown eyes, brown eye makeup, and so on. Like The Girls in Paris, The Girls in London are coming to the conclusion that lower lashes do more for the eye now than upper lashes. "A Japanese girl showed me," said Miss Quant, "how it's hardly important to put mascara or lashes on the upper lid—they often disappear against the crease of the eye, or else give a hooded look which obscures the expression." . . . ***"I see you belong to the club,"*** a statement exchanged among total strangers, men and women, who happen to be wearing an attractive and severely simple copper bracelet. This is the Sabona bracelet, and, although its lines may be simple, its hopes for wearers are not. Made of "special thermal copper, ***it reacts against cold, wet, damp, and nervous tension,"*** the Sabona people tell us. Sufferers from rheumatic ailments—lumbago and sciatica, among them—are supposed to be the beneficiaries of the good relief work the bracelet might do. (Pleasant-looking jewellery though it be, the bracelet can not be sold in the U.S. because of these claims.) . . . In *Japan,* as almost everywhere else in the world, ***jogging groups liven the early morning scenery.*** Except these trotters sometimes spell their jog by stopping at a shrine to pray. Then they jog on, knees high. . . .

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